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THE SILENCE OF LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

Ave, wring and hands above your dead!
There is left but one for earth's fret and strife,
But give God thanks while your tears drop fast,
That between you falls not the silence of life.
You have golden memories heaped high—
Words brimming over with tenderness,
Tones that were tender, looks that were kinder
Than ever again your heart shall bless.

In the past's deep casket for you are set
Jewels that queens might crave in vain—
Gems that will pale not in all the years
That may pass ere you see the giver again.
What though your home be but emptiness,
And only the semblance of his face
Smiles down on you from the pictured wall?
Though your idol be struck from his household place—

Your dead is yours. No frosts of time
Shall silver the gold in his sunny hair—
He is yours, unchanged as the years drift on—
Forever young, and forever fair.
Then, kneeling beside his empty chair,
Thank God that he rests from earth's sharp strife,
And that never, never between you can fall,
Wider than death, the silence of life.

RAVENSWOOD;

OR,

The Raftsmen Of The Delaware.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY.

THE FISHERMEN PURSUING IRVIN GAINES'S BOAT.

CHAPTER XXII.

"THE ABBYDIANS CAME DOWN."

The very hour that Edith Williams stood on the lonely river-shore by the raftsmen's camp-fire, telling the story of her seizure by ruffian hands and her subsequent imprisonment and escape, Flossa Gordon, once more in the power of her pretended uncle, was being conveyed up the Delaware. Determined at every hazard to possess himself of the person of the unfortunate girl, after a considerable period of futile watching—his object being to seize her without creating an alarm that would prevent his safe retreat with his victim—accompanied by daring assistants, he had boldly entered the residence of Friend Williams and carried her off as a wolf might a lamb from the fold.

The act was unparalleled in its impudent audacity. Mourning and desolation were upon the household because of the absence of Edith, whom, it was now feared, since lengthened search had proved unavailing, might never be seen again.

The male members of the family, except Friend Williams himself and the serving-boy already referred to, were absent. Consequently the bold movement of the outlaws was unresisted, and Flossa was borne away in triumph.

But Tim, the serving-boy, though frightened almost out of his wits by the fierce and sudden intrusion, recovered himself in time to sound an alarm. Friend Williams had been seized and bound at the first, to prevent any interference on his part.

It happened that a party of fishermen who were about putting off from shore to set their night-nets, had witnessed the hurried embarkation of the abductors with their prisoner. Thinking that something was wrong, the fishermen were about to abandon their task to ascertain the truth of the matter, when they were freshly incited thereto by the appearance of the distracted Tim, who gave them an incoherent account of what had occurred. Had not the knowledge of the recent similar outrage that had been perpetrated been so fresh in their minds it is probable that the fishermen would have been slower to act, deeming the boy demented. As it was they instantly headed their boat toward the retreating miscreants.

The fishermen were unarmed, while it was probable that the others carried weapons, but this consideration did not cause them to hesitate in the pursuit. They hoped that the villains to save themselves, when the shore was reached, would abandon their captive, and that her rescue would thus be effected without a conflict.

Irvin Gaines saw with considerable alarm the vigorous approach of the pursuing party. Their boat—a double-oared batteau, long and light—was gaining rapidly upon his heavier craft. But night was drawing its concealing shadows around, and in the unusual gloom—the sky being heavily overcast with clouds—he hoped to escape, and with his victim.

"Pull, men, pull!" he shouted. "Every stroke of your oars is money for you. Get off safely this time, and I won't ask any more such service of you. We've been mighty bold, and it won't do to carry things this high long. But we *must* win this time. Pull, men, I say!"

"We're doin' our best, sir," panted one of the oarsmen.

"And you're doing well, though them chaps are pressing us hard. Hi! gal, do you know what's going on?"

He addressed this question to Flossa, who was reviving after the harsh treatment she had been subjected to during her transfer to the boat.

She did not reply to his taunting query, though she comprehended her situation.

"Sullen, eh? or may be a little flustered yet," he said coarsely. "How do you like going back to the hills?"

Still she was silent, and her persecutor gave his attention to the pursuing boats.

"They'll overhaul us," he cried, more alarmed than he had been before. "If we land, we can't get away with the gal, and you can't hold out much longer up stream. Our best chance is on the water. We can keep them chaps at bay with our pistols until deeper darkness gives us a chance to get off entirely. What do you say to a little trickery, men? Turn down stream and let the boat drift while we use our weapons. It will be easier for you, and we'll soon be hid in the darkness."

Acting upon his suggestion, the wearied oarsmen turned their craft, and let the current bear it downward. The forms of the pursuing fishermen were still dimly visible in the gloom, and this change of tactics on the part of the villains brought the boats near each other.

"Keep off, or we'll fire upon you," shouted Gaines to his would-be assailants.

The situation was decidedly an awkward one to the pursuers. They knew that the threat they had heard was no unmeaning one, and they could not approach closer without exposing some of their number to certain death. Hardly knowing what measures of offence to adopt, they also turned their boat, drifting abreast of their foes, but at a respectful distance from them.

But this could now no longer continue. The darkness became almost total, and rain began to fall. The opposing craft were hidden from each other, and each party was forced to attend to its own preservation, for with the shrouding gloom came the danger of drifting into rapids and being overturned in the water.

The only thing for pursuers and pursued—if such they could still be termed—to do, was for each to strike out in the darkness for shore.

Gaines naturally supposed that his enemies would return to the Pennsylvania side, as they had come from that. He wished also to land there himself, but he did not desire to fall in with his late pursuers, whom he concluded would not at once abandon their object.

The position of the villains was a very uncomfortable one. Had not this, to them, unfortunate interruption occurred, they would have reached a point where their waiting confederates would have received them, as had been previously arranged, and their flight would then have been continued with greater safety and directness by land.

Now all was altered, and they were profoundly distressed, as they deserved to be, at the uncertainty of their position.

"Strike out to the right, men," Gaines directed at last. "If I have calculated rightly, we're a little above Eagle Isle, and if we strike it we'll rest there awhile. This is deuced dim going."

After a brief pull at the oars, the boat was suddenly stopped in its progress by running against a sandy shore.

"'Tis as I thought," muttered Gaines. Then more confidently he said aloud: "This is the isle, men; I'm sure of it. We'll stay here awhile, perhaps till morning, if nothing better shows. Curse the luck, I say. If we're forced to stay here we can at least have shelter—there's an old mill, as you know, on the place, and we can find it, I think, with a little trouble."

Groping their way in the gloom, after considerable difficulty they reached the shelter of the mill. The building itself was a mere wreck, having been partly swept away by a freshet several years before, and never repaired since. But it afforded a protection against the storm.

The isle on which Flossa and her abductors now were was of very limited area, and lay only a short distance to the northward of Ravenswood. It had the reputation of being haunted, and was seldom visited unless by daytime pleasure parties.

Irvin Gaines was well satisfied to have an evil name attached to the spot, as it would deter the superstitious fishermen from exploring it. The villainous organization of which he was a member had frequently used the isle as a rendezvous, and on *their* map of the river region it held an important place. As for the ghosts, neither Gaines nor his companion-rogues cared a twig; their fears were regarding the more palpable spirits of law and justice.

The rain was now falling in torrents, descending in broad, gusty sweeps, and it began to be apprehended that the old mill would prove a very inadequate shelter against the fury of the storm.

A more distressing situation than that of our heroine's could not well be imagined. Wet, terrified, despairing; in the power of cruel foes; fearful that the morrow would bring her additional miseries—she could only offer a silent prayer to God, and patiently wait the coming of the dawn.

Irvin Gaines was disposed to exult over his victim, dubious as was his own situation, and apprehensive as he was of trouble ere he could get back to his haunts.

"Aren't you glad to see me, niece?" he said, in a taunting tone, "or hear me, rather, for you can't make out much with your eyes. But you know I am here—ain't that a comfort? You've given me a heap of trouble since the night you first showed your hand against me. But you can't escape me, gal; I'm bound to carry you from this, dead or alive."

He lowered his voice to a fierce hissing whisper as he uttered this threat.

Flossa shuddered, but remained silent.

"You have nothing to say," he continued. "Maybe I can tell you a thing or two that will interest you. I s'pose there is weepin' and wailin' over yonder where we found you. Not so much because *you* are gone as on account of that other shiny-haired young lady. Now where do you imagine she is? I saw her lately."

Flossa was indeed interested now.

"You saw her—you saw Edith, you say. Was it you that tore her from her peaceful home? Oh, you cannot know what misery you have brought to kindest hearts! What object could you have had in so doing? Oh, restore her, I beg of you, to her friends; whatever you may cause me to suffer, permit her to go free."

"Well, now!" exclaimed Gaines in a tone of mock admiration. "This here beats all. You a-pleadin' for her, and she for you. That's what I call disinter-*est*-edness—pure self-sacri-*fice*." The emphasis was astounding. "You two must be a sort of female Damon and Pyth—what's his name?—the English Reader tells about 'em. How you must love each other!"

"Tell me of Edith," pleaded Flossa. "Is she well? is she safe?"

"Yes, *safe* enough, I reckon," he answered grimly.

"You surely would not harm *her?* You will not keep her long from her parents? Have you no heart? have you no pity?"

"Yes, I have, gal—sometimes. I'll tell you about this friend of yours. You see we made a mistake in takin' her; *you* was the one we wanted."

An involuntary exclamation of astonishment and comprehension escaped the lips of Flossa.

"You understand," said Gaines.

"Yes, yes; and you will release Edith, will you not?"

"Just as soon as we get you safely off. What do we want with *her?* It's *you* that's precious to us—to *me*. Ha! ha!"

The poor girl in her despair was glad—glad that the mourning hearts of her friends would be relieved. Thus even in its saddest extremity can a noble soul rejoice at the happiness of others.

Edith would be restored to home and friends, thought the generous Flossa; but for herself—alas! alas!

For hours that dreary night, wakeful and weary, she listened to the roar of the rain and the river, striving to forget the wretchedness and forlorness of her situation.

The storm raged with unabated fury. Gaines and his companions grew more and more alarmed at the aspect of matters. A terrible fear grew upon them. What if the excessive rain should cause the river to overflow the isle? They knew that it had been before submerged; that even an ordinary rise of the water inundated all but the more elevated spot on which the mill stood. A freshet like that which must result if the rain continued, would doubtlessly float the whole structure off.

They groped their way to the shore and assured themselves that their boat was safe—drawing it far up on the sandy isle.

They feared to put off in the darkness for the main land, and they feared to remain. They felt themselves environed by dangers, and began to doubt that a way of escape would open

Thus passed the remaining hours of night—the rain still coming down in floods—and with anxious eyes they beheld the faint approaches of the tempestuous dawn.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON THE ISLAND.

It is time we learned something more of our friend Starway. While the events recorded in the preceding chapters were taking place, he lay helpless and suffering at Ravenswood.

Mrs. Montgomery had resolved that Philip Wayne, notwithstanding Dr. Kirke's suggestion, should *not* be invited to attend his wounded friend. If Philip, hearing of the occurrence, came to the island to see the sufferer, as he would be likely to, she could not prevent that. But she concluded that it might be better for her own interests and those of her daughter if the two remained apart.

As we know, the affray in which Starway came near losing his life, happened the night of the abduction of Edith Williams. Philip Wayne at that time was absent from the neighborhood—and when he returned, it was to depart immediately, as we also know, in company with Frank Leighton, to assist in a further and more extended search for the lost one.

At Friend Williams's he briefly learned that Starway lay at Ravenswood, seriously wounded, and though he greatly desired to go to him, there was hardly time for such action, under the pressing necessities of the matter in hand.

As the wounded man was by this time reported convalescent, Philip concluded that he would not visit him, but explain and make amends for his apparent neglect afterward. He knew that the generous Starway would readily pardon his apparent indifference when the facts were learned.

Dr. Kirke, that stormy eve which proved so eventful to the heroines of our story, was at the bedside of his patient. His call had been made very late, as other demands upon his services that day had occupied much of his time. After he had noted the condition of the sufferer and seen with gladness that the signs of recovery were favorable and strong, he turned to leave the room, first bidding Starway a kindly good-night.

At the very entrance of the apartment a servant met him with the intelligence that Mrs. Montgomery desired to see him at once in the library.

He descended directly to the designated room. The lady was there awaiting his appearance.

"How is your patient this evening, doctor?" she inquired.

"I find him greatly improved. In a short time he may be removed with safety, if that is desired."

"Do you think that he is able to see visitors?" she inquired, rather anxiously, ignoring the latter part of his reply.

"Yes; but why do you ask? Has any one called at this hour?"

"Philip Wayne and Frank Leighton are both in the sitting-room with Irene, having returned this far from their unsuccessful search for Edith Williams. They were ferried over from the Jersey side, and touched here to see the wounded man. They are both friends of his, you know."

"Yes, I am aware of that, and it will do him good to see them."

"Are you quite sure? Will not the interview excite him too much?" The solicitude of Mrs. Montgomery was unmistakable.

"I will prepare him for it beforehand, and thus prevent the result you apprehend."

"But, doctor," persisted she, "would it not be well to permit but one of them to see him? Mr. Leighton, I would name. Mr. Wayne, though I doubt not he desires to see his friend, would readily upon your intimation that the interview had better be deferred—deny himself that pleasure."

"But I do not fear any undesirable result if they are both admitted to his presence, Mrs. Montgomery," said the physician with slight surprise.

"If you think it well I have no objection to raise," she answered, yielding the point that she had secretly desired to maintain. "Will you join the young men? They are in the sitting-room. Mr. Leighton is very dejected—and no wonder, poor fellow! His present trial is indeed a terrible one; but I am not one of those who think that Edith will never be found."

The cool-headed dissembler had excellent reason for this cheerful opinion, though the doctor knew it not.

"I trust that the bereaved family will not suffer much longer from the loss of their darling," said Dr. Kirke as the two went out. "But I am very much concerned about the matter. It grows more and more distressing and mysterious."

They entered the sitting-room.

Dr. Kirke greeted the young men cordially, though his serious countenance and sympathetic manner showed that he was aware of the discouraging result of their late efforts to find the missing Edith.

Philip, as a matter of course, inquired as to the condition of Starway, though he had already learned from the ladies that he was still improving.

Dr. Kirke soon left the room, saying that he would go and announce to his patient the presence of the visitors. He shortly returned, and Frank and Philip were conducted to the chamber of the sufferer.

We pass over the interview, leaving our readers to surmise that Starway was rejoiced to behold his young friends, as they were to see him, except that they lamented his misfortune.

No reference was made to any exciting subject—to the abduction of Edith Williams, nor to the circumstances connected with Mrs. Wilburton. Starway rested in ignorance of these painful matters. Of the latter, Frank and Philip were as yet uninformed. He inquired about Flossa, and wondered, since she must have heard of his injury, why she had not been to see him. Philip wondered too—he knew not the sufficient reason that kept her away.

The alarm that had been occasioned by her daring abduction had not, as it happened, reached Ravenswood, nor had the exciting twilight chase been witnessed by any one on the island. The wild news was flying from house to house, but chance directed that Philip Wayne was to be spared the blow that night.

When the three descended from Starway's chamber it was quite late, and the rain was falling heavily.

"You will not go to the mainland to-night," said Mrs. Montgomery, hospitably. "The crossing will be dark and disagreeable, and Ravenswood offers you shelter."

They all looked thoughtful. The passage to the other shore would indeed be uncomfortable, not to say dangerous.

"I have nothing cheering to convey to Edith's parents," said Frank Leighton very sadly, "or I would not be deterred by the storm and darkness. As it is, the anxiety and suspense in which they rest are better than the despair that must fill their hearts to-morrow."

Mrs. Montgomery looked her commiseration as she said:

"Then you will remain?"

"As Philip says," was his answer, as he turned inquiringly to his companion.

Philip thought of Flossa. It had been his intention to proceed to Friend Williams's that night—but now, with no mitigation of his desire to see his betrothed, he reconsidered his determination.

"Since you are so kind as to invite us to remain till morning," he said to their hostess, "and as this is my first visit to my wounded friend, we will—Frank and I, at least—accept your hospitality."

"And you, Dr. Kirke?" said Mrs. Montgomery, with more of decision than of question in her tone.

The doctor thanked her, and concluded that as the night was so stormy, he would not return to the mainland.

And so it happened that the three tarried at Ravenswood with no knowledge of the alarming event that had occurred such little distance away.

The gentlemen were shown by Irene to a small, cosey parlor that lay just behind the grand parlor, and was used when the number of guests was not sufficient to render occupation of the latter necessary.

A bright fire was burning on the hearth, giving a cheerful aspect to the room. But as may be supposed, the party itself was not a cheerful one. The depression that rested upon the spirits of Frank Leighton was not to be lifted; and all present, of course, sympathized with him. Two or three of the vistors who had remained after Mrs. Wilburton's departure, had joined the little circle, but no attempt at social enjoyment beyond quiet conversation was made.

Miss Atherly, who was really concerned for the safety of Edith, notwithstanding the repeated assurances of Mrs. Montgomery that no apprehension for her personal welfare need be entertained, endeavored to cheer the desponding lover.

Fair, treacherous creature! Had he known what cognizance she possessed of the sad case—had he dreamed of the hatred that still rankled in her heart against the betrothed of his friend, Philip Wayne, how he would have recoiled from her in amazement and repulsion.

For the passionate, unprincipled girl had lessened not one tittle of her enmity against Flossa. Neither had she subdued nor attempted to subdue her wild, secret love for Philip.

This was the first time she had met him since his return from the hills. She had been longing to behold the man she loved, and had, in her own mind, bitterly reproached him for neglect of the common duties of friendship in not calling upon her soon after his arrival at his home. Latterly she had distractedly concluded that he knew of her mad meeting with Flossa by the river. But now she was immensely relieved to know, as his manner proclaimed, that he was ignorant of what had there occurred. Otherwise as he was no dissembler, he could not have met her without a show of the feeling that such knowledge would naturally arouse.

Irene, therefore, rightly concluded that Flossa had kept silence. But how long would her despised rival forbear to speak concerning that miserable affair? That was the agonizing question Irene was continually asking herself. If once the revelation were made to Philip she knew that he would be lost to her forever, and losing him she would lose all.

Her mother had intimated to her a few days before that the girl whom they both so dreaded would soon be placed beyond the possibility of troubling them more. But the stroke was yet delayed. Why was the deed not done? On the morrow Philip would hasten to his betrothed, and the agents employed to effect the removal of Flossa might fail to separate them until she became his wife.

These were the thoughts that surged through the mind of the jealous Irene that night. She maintained a measurably calm exterior, but in her brain and bosom were tumult and distraction, not unmingled with a strange despairing joy.

For Philip Wayne was near her—he whom she so imaged in her heart. She looked upon him—she heard the tones of his voice—she felt in her being that mystic thrill which is experienced when love enters the presence of its object—and stronger than ever burned the fierce, volcanic passion that had now become the light of her life.

Philip had never appeared to her nobler, handsomer, manlier than he did that night. His bright, soulful face was grave in its expression, but the rich, melting light of his eyes was more dangerous to her peace than ever. Through the earnestness and seriousness of his nature even in that hour broke the full, free joyousness and winning vivacity that drew her so strongly to him.

Irene was conscious that she also looked well, and that Philip had not failed to note her charms. She had glanced in a mirror as she passed, and the reflection she there beheld had startled her—there was such a dark brightness in her eyes, such an enchanting color in her cheeks. She was startled because she feared she looked *too* well.

"I must calm myself," she said mentally, "this animation of look is unseemly when the rest are so subdued. Frank Leighton will think that I am little grieved at the loss of my friend Edith, and Philip Wayne may be keen enough to guess the cause of my glowing mien. I must not betray myself to him. Ah, no! I know how hard it is for a man to give his love when he is aware that his preference is anticipated—that he needs not to strongly woo."

The evening, brief as it was, was a trial to Irene; her joy in Philip's presence was only a sort of rapturous pain, and she felt relieved when he excused himself, and with the doctor's permission returned to the bedside of Starway. He would have gone sooner had it not been thought best to allow the wounded man an interval of repose after the first interview.

Philip found him sleeping restfully.

"I will watch by him to-night," he said to the attendant.

Ah! could he have known the appalling situation of her so dear to him and to his helpless friend, his vigils would have been quickly abandoned, and to the storm that raged without his form would have been exposed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EXCITING EVENTS.

Morning dawned at Ravenswood—dawned in gloom and gale, though the rain had nearly ceased after the flooding fall of the night. But the clouds still drove darkly in from the east, and the indications were that the storm had not yet spent its fury.

Notwithstanding the wet, windy morning, the inmates of Ravenswood were early astir, though on such dawns country households are wont to be slow in rising. But Mrs. Montgomery knew that Dr. Kirke and the two young men would desire to take their departure from the island as early as possible, and she had accordingly given orders to the servants the previous evening to rise with more than their usual alacrity, that

breakfast might be ready for the departing guests.

She and Irene were in the dining-room, and the morning meal was being placed upon the table. The three gentlemen had arisen, and were in the little west parlor already mentioned.

As Irene was about to leave the dining-room to invite the guests to the table—the breakfast bell not being used, as the other visitors were not yet to be called—a sudden commotion appeared to arise among the servants in the kitchen. She and her mother listened in momentary surprise to the excited exclamations that proceeded from that quarter, and were about to hasten thither, when the door was quickly opened, and Jem, the colored groom, stood before them. An expression of alarm was on his dark features, and for a moment he seemed too overcome to speak.

"What has happened, Jem?" demanded mother and daughter, simultaneously.

"Great news dis mornin' from the oder shore," he answered, excitedly. "Miss Edith she 'rived safe at home airly, through de rain, wet as a drownded rat, but all right ebery oder way."

"Edith returned!" exclaimed the two, in real joy.

"Yes, missus; but dat ain't all de news. Dat oder gal, Miss Gicsie, I b'leeves day call her, was stole away las' night, jes de same as Miss Edith was, only more so. One come, and de oder gone!"

"Do you mean to say that Miss Flossa was stolen last night?" questioned Mrs. Montgomery eagerly, a wicked joy, the light of which in her face she could hardly conceal, rising in her heart.

"Yes, missus," repeated Jem; "dat is de truf."

"Last night, you say. How can that be? We received no word of such an occurrence."

"No, missus. Dey missed Ravenswood somehow, but the news spread far and fas' enough todder side."

"But how did you learn it this morning?" asked the woman, who feared that this intelligence was almost too good (to her) to be true. "Who came to the island? Is not the water very high?"

"Nobody *come*, but I *went*," said Jem. "De water is mighty strong, but I got across and back."

"And Miss Edith is at her home, safe and sound?"

"I seed her with my own eyes."

"Thank Heaven for this news!" ejaculated Mrs. Montgomery earnestly, and yet impiously. For though she rejoiced at the unexpected restoration of the lost Edith, how could she presume to be grateful to Providence while her wicked heart filled with joy at the misfortunes of Flossa?

"Yes, tank the Lor'!" exclaimed the negro with joyous fervor.

"You may go now, Jem."

"But Massa Frank—arn't he here? De news—"

"I will inform him of the glad event."

"An' who'll tell Massa Philip of the oder?" asked Jem, a look of sorrow coming into his face. "Oh, Lor'!"

"I will tell all; you may retire."

Jem, who in the excitement of the occasion had lingered until he required this second intimation to leave the presence of his mistress, not forgetting to make his usual courtesy, went to join his fellow servants in the kitchen.

As he closed the door of the room, Mrs. Montgomery turned to Irene with an indescribable expression of countenance.

Her daughter returned her look in silence. For a brief period both were too agitated to speak. At last Mrs. Montgomery said:

"Fortune is strangely good to us again, Irene. Edith is restored to her home, and that dangerous waif is gone."

"Gone forever, I trust," returned Irene, remorselessly, a wild wicked light in her eyes. "Will you break this startling news to our guests of the night, mother? I dare not trust myself in the presence of Philip Wayne when he learns what has happened to his betrothed."

She sneered wickedly as she uttered the closing word, and the dark lighting of her face was almost demoniacal.

"Remain here, my child. I will inform them of what has occurred. The communication is entirely pleasant for me to make, though I must affect to be greatly shocked at a portion of it."

She smiled with meaning mockery as she spoke, and then departed, directing her steps toward the door of the west parlor.

She had crossed the wide hall, and was about to place her hand upon the knob of the parlor door, when a quick, startling whisper caused her to pause and look round in surprise and alarm.

Opposite the entrance before which she stood was a large closet, just under the first landing of the grand stairway, and used as a sort of select store-room. The door of this was slightly ajar, and a pair of dark eager eyes had been watching through the narrow opening.

As Mrs. Montgomery turned, the door of the closet opened wide, and the figure of a man was revealed. First making an impressive gesture for her to keep silent, he then motioned her to advance toward him.

Mrs. Montgomery, strong-nerved as she was, came near screaming in terror at the unexpected and assassin-like appearance of the man. But amazed and alarmed as she was she recognized him instantly, and suppressed the cry that rose to her lips.

The individual before her was her agent and confederate, Irvin Gaines.

"Why are you there?" she gasped in a frightened whisper.

"Hush!" he returned in the same subdued, but startled tone. "Not a word of alarm. There are persons in the next room. If I am discovered I am lost. *So are you.*"

Mrs. Montgomery turned deadly pale and trembled fearfully.

"Provide me a hiding-place," he continued. "I am hunted by a score of ruffians. Where can I be concealed?"

"Stay where you are; it is the safest place. An inner-door opens to the cellar, and you can descend if necessary."

"Come in here, then. I have much to say to you, and a whisper overheard may betray me. Come!" he repeated, seeing that she hesitated.

It was a trying descent from her dignity to hold intercourse with the outlaw in such a place, but the imminent danger of being overheard by those so near, and the necessity of prompt action, constrained the proud woman to obey the behest of her evil visitor.

She entered the small apartment, and the door was closed. But the door that led to the great dungeon-like cellar was opened, and on the stairs they paused.

"Tell me all," spoke Mrs. Montgomery with a shudder of shame and apprehension. "Where is the girl? Be quick, I must return soon."

"Am I safe here for the present?" asked Gaines anxiously, before he answered her question.

"Yes," she returned. "You can be hidden here for a long time, unless the house is thoroughly searched, and even then I can manage to conceal you."

"*You must,*" he said threateningly. "You must, or be ruined. If you attempt to betray me, you perish with me. I hold your secret."

A fearful pallor overspread the features of the guilty woman.

"I am in your power as you are in mine," she said. "We must stand or fall together. But tell me of the girl."

"We seized her last night, as you must have heard—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted she, impatiently. "But we made out poor in our retreat. An alarm was raised, and we came near gettin' caught. But night and storm came on, and for the time we were saved. We managed more by good luck than anything else, to reach Eagle Isle, and stayed there till near morning—it's a dismal place. The river is rising like a tide, and we were afraid we would be swept off. There must have been rain above before it commenced here, to cause such a sudden freshet. We stuck to it till near daylight, and then we put off—my two comrades and myself—*leavin' the gal on the isle. She's in the lower story of the old mill, bound there for safe keepin', and in an hour the water'll be up to her.* She don't escape me *this* time."

The hard-hearted woman was for a moment overcome with horror at this dreadful intelligence, but she quickly recovered herself, and a devilish joy arose in her as she reflected that the dreaded girl would perish and trouble her no more.

"And you say she is sure to be reached by the water?" she asked with eager calmness.

"She's gone by this time, I don't doubt. And now you're to save me and then pay me for the work."

"I will do both. Do you think that the raftsmen will guess that you took refuge here?"

"I'm afraid they will. We were discovered as we landed on the island, and my two friends are nabbed already. But *they* won't betray me; and if you can hide me here for a day or two—for a single day even—I can get off."

"How did you obtain entrance to the house?"

"The rear door of the hall was unlocked early, by one of the servants, and I watched my chances and slipped in. I was hidden in the shrubbery near."

"Yes, yes; and now I must leave you, or my absence will excite inquiry and search. The news of the abduction of the girl had just reached me. I was about to communicate it to my guests, some of whom are in the parlor, when you presented yourself. You can secrete yourself in this cellar—which is unfrequented—until I can direct you to safer quarters."

She hastened softly from the place, catching, as she went, this parting warning—

"Beware of treachery."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Hotel de Saville is a quiet little inn in a quiet little street in Paris. Perhaps you think Paris has no quiet streets, but there you are mistaken, it has, and Rue Lafitte is one. On one side of the hotel is a millinery establishment, and on the other side stables, and directly opposite the great banking-house of Rothschild. I've a mind to describe this little hotel to you. First, of course, the entrance, low and not wide, and by no means imposing; and then a vestibule, and then another door, with a sliding panel, out of which the saucy little *portière* peeped and chattered, and through which went letters, and messages and parcels, and, yes, I have no doubt of it, sometimes a kiss, and generally yourself, if you wanted to get in and got into the good graces of the rosy be-capped and be-ribboned little *portière*. And if you wanted to get in and didn't get in her graces—well, you waited. And if you were young and good-tempered you rang the accompanying bell and watched your toes reflectively, and if you were old and ill-tempered you beat a furious rat-tat-tat on the sliding panel, and always whether you were young and good-tempered or old and ill-tempered, and you were not in the good graces of the capricious tyrant within, the effect was the same, you waited until she came, and that might be a matter of five or ten, I've known it to be fifteen minutes.

Presently breathless and bewitching appears mademoiselle—"Ah, mon Dieu, is it that I have kept monsieur waiting? Mille pardons," and thus you were let in.

Well—to go on with my description—on the left of the hall was an exquisite little room fitted up prettily with easy-chairs, a piano, books, birds, a fernery, a basket with colored wools and painted worsted patterns. (Perhaps you will object to my saying that the rooms was fitted up with a basket of wools and painted worsted patterns, but I say it was. That basket was never moved once while I was there except to have the dust swept away from under it, and so I am sure it was just as much a fixture as the piano, and you'd say a room was fitted up with a piano, wouldn't you? Well, then what are you talking about?) And then there was a desk where Madame Juillet made out her bills and kept her accounts, and madame had a daughter, and the daughter's name was Hortense, and she's the reason why I'm writing this story at all. I forgot to say that this little room was called a bureau—though why bureau Heaven knows, I don't. Madame didn't keep her clean linen there, nor her stockings, nor her neckties, nor her laces so far as I could see, but bureau it was.

"Madame is in the bureau," or "Mademoiselle is in the bureau?"—such nonsense. Spider's web I call it. You'll find out soon enough why.

Following the hall straight to the end you come to a court-yard, square and paved, around which the floors of the hotel ranged in galleries—and there's another queer thing. In many French houses, and some English ones, too, every other floor will be as low-ceilinged as a garret, and they call these mezzanine floors. Why mezzanine? Mezzanine means blue. It makes you blue enough to sleep in one though, I dare say.

Well, not on the first floor, nor of course not the mezzanine floor, but the one above that was an American family or an American settlement, for I believe they didn't all belong to the same family, at all events they took up the whole floor and a room overhead. There were two little girls, and two larger girls, and a governess and a nurse, and a friend and a young man, a very young man with blonde hair and eyes, and no eyebrows to speak of, and no moustache, and no hope of any. The two little girls and the two larger girls were ill, and the friend was ill, and the governess and nurse nursed them night and day. The disease was some malario-is fever, and it drove the few guests away from the hotel with the exception of one clarionet player on the sixth floor, and he, I think, would have tooted in the heart of the London plague.

The young man with the blonde hair has a great deal to do with this story, and the other people very little, so I'll tell you all about them in a nutshell, and dismiss them from the stage, where they may pop on and off occasionally, like the ghost in Hamlet, but that's all. The two little girls got well, and the two large girls, and the friend, and the nurse and governess nursed themselves into walking skeletons, and clarionet player on the sixth floor tooted away as though he was practising the angel Gabriel at the last trump.

And now I am going to give the blonde young man a local habitation and a name. His local habitation was New York, when he was at home and he was a student at—Heidelberg will do, though it wasn't Heidelberg—and his name was Herbert Vanderpool. He had come on to spend two or three days with these people at Paris, and now they were all down with the fever, and he couldn't get away, and, hang it all, the prosp-ct was deuced gloomy. That's what he said to himself, the third day of his arrival, standing by the drawing-room window and thrumming on the pane, and looking at the dingy banking-house opposite.

Presently a knock at the door, and a glorious "entrez," from Herbert, and enter Madame Juillet, followed by Mademoiselle Hortense. Madame short, dark, fat, fussy. Mademoiselle tall, slender, dark, with a difference, and fascinating.

Herbert began to brighten. Hortense began to talk; madame to "rub her hands with invisible soap, in imperceptible water." Madame spoke French naturally; Herbert, German and English; Hortense, French and English. Madame had much to say—dinner to discuss, invalids, Paris; Hortense must interpret.

Hortense to Herbert:

"Maman would know if monsieur slept well?"

"Very well; thanks."

"And is it that les malades are plus comfortable?"

"Impossible to say. I have not seen Miss Harbison this morning." Miss Harbison is the governess.

"And what would monsieur order for dinner?"

"I don't know; I'll see. I'll ask Miss Harbison."

"Miss Harbison;" rapping at the door of the adjoining room.

"Yes, Herbert, what is it?" Miss Harbison appears, looking hurried and worried.

"What 'll you have for dinner?"

"Oh, I don't know—anything. Please don't bother me about the dinner, Herbert; have just what you want."

Herbert looks disconcerted, and turns to Hortense for relief. Hortense smiles, looks captivating, and is silent. To do the poor young man justice, his own dinner wouldn't have bothered him at all—soup, beefsteak, bottle of wine, anything, but Miss Harbison must be fed with food convenient for her; and what should that be?

"I think," said he, at last, rather helplessly, "I think roast beef is good, nourishing, rare that is, and, and corn—"

"Comment, Monsieur?"

"Corn: don't you know what corn is? Oh, confound it all— I beg your pardon; I forgot you don't know what corn is."

A pause, during which Herbert's face grows pink and puzzled—we've all had the same experience. You ask anybody to repeat a verse of Scripture at family prayers, unexpectedly, and see if he can do it; unless the request calls forth "Ephraim is a cake unturned?" I knew that to happen once. An embarrassed pause, and then the quick click of Parisian French between mother and daughter; and then Hortense:

"If monsieur would pardon, if monsieur would not mind, maman could perhaps order what would suit, always, and take the trouble from monsieur. Maman was so used, what you call accustomed."

"Oh, yes, of course; how kind. I wish your mother would; a thousand thanks;" and Herbert brightened visibly.

"And, also, if monsieur would listen, maman would say, it must be very trist for monsieur taking his meals *seul;* monsieur would perhaps join us for dinner in the little salle à manger, it would not be so what you call lonesome."

Herbert was delighted, of course he was; any young fellow likes company, and that of a tall, dark, fascinating French girl was not to be sneered at.

Madame Juillet was delighted. Any mother likes to get her full-grown daughter off her hands, if she can, and here was a chance, a *bon parti*.

And Hortense. Well, Hortense was glad, too, but not so glad as the other. Hortense had a lover in the army, and although she knew her mother would never consent to her marriage with dear Jules, who was poor and obscure, there was a dreadful fascination about loving him in secret, and being the victim of a mother's obduracy—so Hortense was not so glad as the others.

But, after that, Herbert lived, so to speak, in clover. His breakfast of course he took *seul*, and his *déjeuner à la fourchette* at any *café* along the boulevards; but his dinner, oh! his dinner. In the little *salle* it was served, and the wines were choice, and the *bouilli ragouts entremets hor d'œuvres, pates* all were divine. And Madame Juillet beamed mildly and was silent, and mademoiselle shone and was not silent, and Herbert who never shone and was never silent thought himself in a material Paradise.

After the dinner all three would linger a little over the *café noire*, and Herbert would take out his cigarette-case and roll cigarettes, and the two would smoke—yes, the two—while madame took an easy chair and a nap. Of course, this all came about by degrees, but it came about nevertheless, and gradually Hortense fell into the habit of giving Herbert little lessons in French, and Herbert took the opportunity of increasing mademoiselle's knowledge concerning America, and conversations would ensue as follows:—

"Mademoiselle will smoke a cigarette with me to-night?"

"If monsieur will ask it of me in French."

"All right. *Esker vous voudrez savoir*, oh, hang it all, I don't know what to say. Will you have a cigarette?"

"It is one grande pity monsieur will not essay the French. He prononce vare well, vare well, indeed." Then the cigarettes are lit, and amid puffs of graceful smoke, again mademoiselle.

"One supposes in New York you have the hotel immense—this, now, for instance, this Hotel de Saville would be nothings."

"Oh, you are quite right, I assure you. We have at Saratoga a hotel surrounded by eighteen miles of piazza, and the floor is so wide they run railroad cars around it; that's for the sake of air, if you don't feel like walking, also for the convenience of visiting a friend in a hurry when his room is on the opposite side of the house—oh, I assure you I have found it a capital thing."

I have nothing to say in defence of the graceless scamp who uttered this shameful falsehood, but he did say it, and was well rewarded by seeing the look of horror on the face of mademoiselle. She had always known the Hotel de Saville was small, but eighteen miles of piazza *juste ciel*. What must monsieur think of his present quarters.

"And the name," she gasped, "the name of *cette hotel immense*."

"The Grande Union."

"The Grande Onion, ah, yes she would remember that."

Herbert rose hastily and proposed an adjournment into the bureau. He was anxious to change the subject. His conscience could stand one fib, but it made him ill to think of the miles of bell wire and hosts of waiters he would be obliged to invent if the subject were pursued farther, not to mention the upholstery, comestibles and China.

Of course it would not be *convenant* to go to the bureau without *Maman*. So she is duly awakened, carried off and put in another chair and settled to sleep again.

Herbert asks, "would it disturb Maman, if mademoiselle would sing a little song?"

Hortense thinks not, and sings after some coaxing, in a high, clear, but weak voice—"Les petits riens," and then sighs, and Herbert who is sitting beside her takes her hand and presses it, and asks, "Is she then so very unhappy?"

And Hortense, says, "not so very, just a little *triste*," and being questioned very gently, somewhat tenderly, indeed, as to why she is just a little *triste*, replies, vaguely, at first, and in low tones, and with many fearful looks to *maman* lest she awaken, and at last quite definitely, that it is Jules, and so the whole story comes out.

"Jules is poor and a soldier, but brave, si brave. And Jules loves her and she loves Jules, and maman will not listen, and—"

But that is all, and she cries a little; and Herbert, in the fervor of his sympathy, ventures to kiss her hand, and just at this juncture madame awakes. Certainly, why not?

Commend me, for falling in love with each other, to two people who imagine each that the other is in love with some one else, or that only one of the parties is. "I in love with Julia? Why bless your soul, don't you know she's half engaged to Smith—parents don't like him, and all that, but they'll get over it in time. Meanwhile, she has no special escort, and a fellow can't help doing the brotherly thing to a pretty girl like that."

We all know how it ends, and you may imagine that between the perfect confidence ensuing between Herbert and Hortense, and the kissed hand, and the sight of it by madame, that Mr. Herbert was preparing for himself in the future, considerable of a muss. Considerable of a muss, in view of the fact that his father was a millionaire, and he the only son, and his mother had his wife all picked out for him in New York.

But fairy godmothers haven't all died out yet, and Herbert's fairy godmother was Miss Harbison, and Miss Harbison was upstairs nursing her patients impatient, and getting dreadfully thin—but for all that, she'll come when she's needed, they always do.

After that, it was quite natural that as Herbert passed down in the morning, after his breakfast, and before his constitutional, he should pause a moment at the door of the bureau—we all know it is ill-bred to go in the street with one's gloves unadjusted, and that in Paris every one wears new ones, and new gloves are so hard to button—Herbert would pull and twist at them till he was red in the face, and then *maman* being absent, Hortense ventures prettily to inquire "Might she essay to button them?" and Herbet would be so very much obliged—and, well that's only one ruse.

Of course on his return, he must stop in the bureau again, to regale the freshest items from Palace and Boulevard.

The Emperor is indisposed, but madame the Empress was at the Bois and the little Prince. Prince rides well, remarkably well for one so young—and, oh, yes, he saw Schneider—awful homely woman, but takes the Grand Duchesse well.

"Has mademoiselle ever seen the Grande Duchesse?"

"No, mademoiselle never has."

"Would mademoiselle like to go?"

"Oh, very much, if *maman* were willing."

Maman is willing, and the three go to the Grande Duchesse; and after that, to a *café chantant*, and then to the opera of the Huguenots, and to rides in the Bois, and wanderings through the Luxembourg and Louvre, and one Sunday to the Madeleine. I think you'll agree with me that it is high time for the fairy godmother to wake up. And wake up she did, in a black-silk frock, with linen collar and cuffs, and a scarlet necktie, and her hair looking tidy. Herbert had become so accustomed to seeing Miss Harbison with a gray flannel wrapper on, and slippers, and her hair pushed off her face anyhow, that it was quite like a vision of home, to see her unexpectedly at the breakfast-table in front of the little French coffee pot.

"Good-morning, Herbert—you look surprised, and I don't wonder, I've been such a guy for the last few weeks—but when you're with invalids, you know, you can't stop to see how you look. Let me see, you take milk and sugar in your coffee, don't you? oh, yes, I remember now, three lumps. Poor boy! how dreadfully lonely you must have been at your meals, and everywhere else for, that matter. But that's all over now. They're all on the mend: and Doctor Fabre says they may begin to ride out the day after to-morrow. So I think, Herbert, I'll let you get a carriage by the week, and then—yes, a piece of beef-steak, underdone, please, and some potatoes, no chicken; and then—what was I saying? Oh, I'll go to the Palais Royale to-day with you. But, bless the boy, how red you look. Herbert, I hope you are not getting the fever."

Herbert denies the soft impeachment, but doesn't grow any paler, and doesn't eat very much breakfast. Miss Harbison is alarmed, but after Herbert has ordered the carriage, and put her in it, and excuses himself a moment, "forgot something," and is seen through the window of the Bureau, talking to Hortense, and has rushed out again, and throws himself, moodily, in the corner of the carriage— "Sets the wind in that quarter," quoth Miss Harbison.

They go to the Palais Royale, and then home again, for Miss Harbison doesn't like to leave the invalids too long alone, and as they drive along there is a perfect shower of small talk, full of small, subtle questionings from the lady, and some monosyllabic and exceedingly evasive answers from the gentleman, and then Miss Harbison arranges her tactics and lets Mr. Herbert alone.

"Oh, by the way, how about dinner? Shall we have it served in the drawing-room after this?" said Miss Harbison, as she alighted from the carriage at the door of the Hotel de Saville.

"Well, just as you like, I've been having mine in the little salle à manger with Madame Juillet and her daughter."

"Oh, have you? How nice. I mean to ask them to let me take mine there too," and Miss Harbison sails up to the door of the bureau where sit maman and Hortense, and prefers her pretty request.

"*Mais certainment.* Madame would be *désolée* to have it otherwise.

So Miss Harbison takes her dinner there, that night, and every other night; is perfectly frank and good-natured and chatty. Lingers and sips coffee with the rest, and rolls cigarettes for them, but won't smoke. "No prejudice, nor anything of that sort," she assures Hortense, sweetly, "only the taste of the tobacco makes her ill."

Somehow, he doesn't know exactly how, and Hortense doesn't know exactly how, but when Miss Harbison goes up stairs Herbert goes with her. And, before the young gentleman knows where he is, he is head over heels in commissions. Miss Harbison has heard from his mother, and she wishes this silk matched very difficult shade, you see and she wants some cameos cut, head of Juno, or Venus, or somebody, and a copy of a certain picture in the Louvre for the library at home, and Herbert must hunt up a capable artist—American preferred—mother likes to encourage home talent—and, whew! Herbert is nearly driven wild. And then the invalids all get better in a bunch, and have to go out every day, and all hours of the day, singly and in couples and in a group—and, of course, Herbert must go with them—improper for ladies to be seen in Paris alone, etc.

And before Herbert has found his wits the invalids are perfectly well, and their passage paid in the Ville de Paris, and instructions received from mother that he'd better accompany them all the way home. He's been away from Heidelberg so long a month or two longer won't make much difference, so he takes a state-room, too, at the last minute, not very well pleased, and thinking he'll come back by the same route, and have a good time with Hortense before he goes back to his studies; hasn't seen much of her lately, between this confounded coming and going and commissions. It's too bad.

Well, the last trunk is corded and labeled, and it is the night before they are all to leave for Havre. Madame and mademoiselle are spending the evening in the drawing-room with their guests, at Miss Harbison's request. Hortense is blooming as ever, which would be singular were it not for the fact that Herbert has communicated the certainty of a speedy return, and maman is fussy and benignant.

During a pause in the conversation, Miss Harbison drew from her pocket an envelope, and taking from it a photograph passed it round, saying, generally, "Don't you want to see a pretty picture?"

The photograph was that of a young girl—the face soft and dark, with about it the grace of youth and prettiness and goodness. The picture passed from one to the other, with a pleasant remark from each, until it reached madame, who asked innocently enough, "*Qui donc?*" "Oh, that's the lady Herbert is to marry one of these days," said Miss Harbison, looking straight and defiantly at Herbert, as if daring him to deny it. But Mr. Vanderpool didn't dare to deny it, or look at Hortense, or do anything but stare at his boots and blush. Madame left the room soon after that, and mademoiselle, and thus melted out of the story. Whether Hortense ever married poor Jules I don't know.

That Herbert married the lady of the photograph, I do know—for I am he, and all because of one fairy godmother—Miss Harbison.

The Sergeant's Ghost Story.

Everybody, or nearly everybody, young or old, loves a ghost story. It is not necessary to believe in its truth to derive enjoyment from it. The more inexplicable it appears to our ordinary reason, the greater the charm that it exercises.

A few years ago I travelled in one of the British colonies of America. The governor was absent in England on his holiday visit, and the duties of his office were temporarily performed by the chief justice, aided by the prime minister, or secretary of state. I was a frequent guest at Government House, and there became acquainted with an old soldier, one Sergeant Monaghan, who performed the part of orderly or messenger, and sometimes waited at the table when the governor had company. The manners of a colony are free and easy, and learning that the old soldier was a thorough believer in ghosts, and had one ghost story which he was fond of telling, I invited him to my room, treated him to a cigar and a glass of grog, gave him a seat by the blazing wood fire, and prevailed upon him to evolve the story once again out of the coils of his memory. I repeat it, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

"You see," said Sergeant Monaghan, "Tim O'Loghlin was a delicate and wake sort of a boy. He had had a love affair in Ireland that weighed on his mind. He was a kind of cousin of mine, and served in my regiment as a private. Perhaps he would have risen to be a sergeant if he had lived, but, as I said, he was not strong. You may have noticed that from the gate of Government House, where the sentry-box stands, you can see into the burial-ground on the opposite side of the road. Not a cheerful situation for Government House. But, however, all the best rooms look into the garden at the back, and the governor need not see so much of the burial ground, except when he goes in and out. One foggy night, Tim O'Loghlin was stationed as sentry at Government House. It was full moon at the time, and the light upon the white warm mist that lay like an immense blanket over the earth, shone weak and watery like. It was not a very thick fog, and did not hide objects at the distance of a hundred yards, but only revealed them to make them look larger than they really were. I was in the guard-room smoking my pipe, comfortably as I am now (either a pipe or a cigar, it's all the same to Sergeant Monaghan, if the baccy's good), when who should walk in but Tim O'Loghlin, with a face of such wild, blank, dismal terror, as I never saw before or since on a human being. It was fully an hour before his time to be relieved of duty, and in leaving his post he had committed a very serious offence. I ordered him back to his post, but he sat down by the fire, and doggedly refused to stir.

"'What's the matter with you, Tim?' said I. 'Are you unwell? And why did you come off duty? And it's I myself that'll have to report you.'

"'You may report—you must report; but I will not go back again, though I be shot for it. I have seen him.'

"'Him?—and who is him?'

"'Him! Why, Captain Percival, He came close up to me, and pointed to a man in the burial ground digging a grave next to his own.'

"The captain had died about a month previously, and Tim, who was very much attached to him—indeed everybody in the regiment was—had grieved very much about his death. He had acted as the captain's servant, and had received many favors at his hand, and poor Tim was a grateful crater.

"'It's all nonsense, Tim,' said I. 'Go back to your post, and in reporting you, I'll make the best case out that I can for you.'

"'Never!' said Tim, 'if I be shot for it.'

"As chance and luck would have it, the doctor happened to drop in at this moment, and learning the circumstances that had induced Tim to leave his post, questioned him fully on the subject. But he felt Tim's pulse first, and there came over his face an expression that I noticed, but that Tim did not, which said very plainly to me that he did not like the beat of it. Tim was confident that he had seen Captain Percival, and that the captain pointed out the grave which a man was digging alongside of his own, and had distinctly told him that he was to be buried there as soon as the grave was quite ready.

"'And you saw the man digging the grave?' asked the doctor.

"'Distinctly,' replied Tim; 'and you can see him too, if you go immediately.'

"'Do you go, sergeant,' said the doctor to me, 'and I'll sit with O'Loghlin till you return. I think you had better detail another sentry in his place. Is there any brandy to be got? But stay; it does not matter. I have a flask. And O'Loghlin, my man, you must take a pull at it; it is medicine, you know, and I order it.'

"Tim was taking a pull at the flask as I went out. I thought it possible enough that the grave digger might be at work, but I did not know what to say about the captain, except to think, perhaps, that Tim had been dreaming, and fancied he saw things that had no existence. I got into the burial-ground without difficulty—the gate was not fastened—and went straight to the grave of Captain Percival. There stood the grave-stone, sure enough, with the captain's name, age and date of death upon it, and a short story besides, setting forth what a good and brave fellow he was, which was all as true as gospel. But there was no grave-digger there, nor no open grave, as Tim had fancied. I went back, and found Tim and the doctor together, Tim not looking quite so wild and white as before, but bad and ill, all the same.

"'Well?' inquired the doctor.

"'Well!' I replied. 'There's nothing to be seen. It's just as I thought. Poor Tim's fancy has cheated him, and it's my opinion the poor boy is not well at all. An' what am I to do about reporting him?'

"'You must report him, of course,' said the doctor; "but I don't think much harm will come to him out of that. O'Loghlin, you must go into hospital for a day or two, and I will give you some stuff that will bring you out again right as a trivet, and you will see no more ghosts.'

"Tim shook his head, and was taken quietly to the hospital, and put to bed. The brandy had done him good; whether it was all brandy, or whether there wasn't a drop of sleeping stuff in it, I can't say, but it's very likely there was, for the doctor told me the longer he slept in reason the better it would be for him. And Tim had a long sleep, but not a very quiet one, for all that same, and tossed about for the matter of a dozen hours or so. But he never got out of bed again. When I saw him at noon the next day he was wide awake, and very feverish and excitable.

"'How are you, Tim, my poor fellow?' said I, taking his hand, which was very hot and moist.

"'I've seen him again,' he replied. 'I see him now. He is sitting at the foot of the bed, and pointing to the graveyard. I know what he means.'

"'Tim, it's crazy that ye are,' said I.

"He shook his head mournfully. 'Monaghan,' he sighed, rather than said, 'ye've been a kind friend to me. Give that to the little girl in Ireland—you know.' And he drew a photographic portrait of himself from under his pillow, tied round with a blue ribbon, from which depended a crooked sixpence with a hole in it. 'In a few days ye'll be laying me in the ground alongside of the captain. Do ye see him now? he is leaving the room, smiling upon me, and still pointing to the graveyard. I am no longer afraid of him. He means me no harm, and it is no blame to him if he is sent to tell me to get ready.'

"'Tim, you are cheating yourself. What you're telling me is all a waking drame. I can see no ghost.'

"'Of course you can't,' said Tim, 'the spirits never appears to two persons at once. But Patrick Monaghan,' he added, 'let us talk no more on the subject, but send Father Riley to me, that I may unburden me sowl, and die in peace.'

"It would have been cruel in me to have argued the matter with the poor afflicted creature, and him such a friend of my own too, so I left him to go in search of the doctor first, and of Father Riley afterward. They both came. What passed between Tim and the holy father, of course I never knew; but the doctor told me distinctly that Tim was in a very bad way. The stomach was wrong, the nerves were wrong, the brain was wrong; in fact, he was wrong altogether, and had a fever which the doctor called by a very grand and high-sounding name, which I did not hear very plainly, and which if I did I am unable to remember. Tim survived three days after this, sleeping and dozing, and talking in his sleep, and every now and then saying, amid words which I could not well put together in any meaning, 'I am coming, I am coming.' Just before he died, he grew more collected, and made me promise that he should be buried in the grave that had been dug for him by the side of the captain. I knew that no such grave had been dug as he said, and that it was all a delusion; but what was the use of arguing with a dying man? So I promised of course, by my honor and by my sowl, to do all I could to have his last wish gratified. The doctor promised also, and so did Father Riley, and I think poor Tim died happy. His last words were something about the ribbon and the crooked sixpence, and the captain, the very last syllable being 'I come.'

"We buried the poor lad in the place assigned by himself, and I was so affected altogether by the sadness of the thing, that I could have persuaded myself, in fact I did persuade myself, that I saw Captain Percival in undress, or fatigue uniform, just as he had appeared to poor Tim, walking past the sentry-box before the door of Government House, and stopping every now and then to point at the grave; and the more I closed my eyes to avoid seeing him, the more permanently and clearly he stood before me."

"And are you in any doubt on the subject now?" I inquired.

"And indeed I am," replied the sergeant, shaking the ashes from his cigar with the tip of his little finger. "Tim must have seen the ghost, and must have believed in him, and if I only saw it after Tim's death, it is but another proof of what almost everybody knows, that two people never saw the same ghost at the same time. And ghost or no ghost, it is quite clear that Tim died of him, and might have been alive at this moment but for the ghost's extraordinary behaviour. But it's one of the questions that all the talk in the world can't settle."

"Do you think Tim would have seen the ghost of Captain Percival, or anybody else, if he had been sound in wind and limb, if he had been a strong, hearty man with a good appetite, and an undisordered stomach?"

"Can't say," replied the sergeant, taking a sip of his liquor. "The doctor thought not; but doctors don't know everything; and if there were no ghosts, why, I should like to ask, should the spirit of Samuel appear to Saul, and answer his questions."

"Well, sergeant," said I, "if you are going to the Bible for arguments, I shall shut up. Finish your glass, my man, and let us say good-night."

He finished his glass, he said good-night, and walked away with the air of a man who thought he had had the best of the argument.

☞ Captain Marryat, the novelist, was forever running away from school, and was always found at or near the sea. He was allowed to have his own way, and in 1806 he was afloat in the Imperieuse. In that fighting-ship alone the boy was in fifty engagements. After one bloody affair, he was laid out for dead by the side of others between the guns, the fresh sea air flowing over them all. An officer who had not been of the boarding affair, which had cost so many victims, and who was an enemy of the lad, looked down on him and said, "Here's a young cock who has done crowing. Well, for a wonder, that chap has cheated the gallows!" The fresh air, however, had brought the "chap" to his senses, and Marryat faintly exclaimed, "You're a liar!"

☞ Isn't this too much? Washington correspondents are allowed large latitudes in the way of gossip, but there *are* limits—and this is the way one person steps over them: "Mrs. Senator"—the name is given—"wore the most superb black velvet dress I ever saw. The lace and passementerie used in trimming was costly and elegant. She is a fine linguist, and the foreigners dote on her, and she uses them as a vehicle by means of which she may make use of her accomplishments. She is a little odd and eccentric, and has unbounded faith in herself and surroundings. As an educator, prosperity is not the best teacher, or rather, does not impart humility, but it is a matter of taste whether or not that be an admirable trait of character." We are happy to assure this correspondent that it is not merely a matter of taste whether or not impudence be an admirable trait of character. It isn't. Neither is bad grammar lovely. What a blessed boon would be the complete abolition of the Washington Society Correspondent.

☞ A Spanish gentleman attracts attention on the Parisian boulevards by appearing in a light costume of alpaca and a straw hat. This eccentricity is the consequence of a bet of 50,000 francs that he will dress in like manner during the whole winter.

☞ In an article on old violins in the Contemporary Review (English) copied into the Eclectic Magazine, which is published in New York, the following lucid and brilliant paragraph appears:

"Fifteen hundred acres of land in *Cincinnati* were on one occasion given for a Stainer, and as *the city of Pittsburgh is now built upon that land*, we may confidently say that this has turned out to be the heaviest price ever paid for a violin."

Very likely; but the most wonderful part of the story is the moving of that fifteen hundred acres from the State of Ohio away up into the State of Pennsylvania, a distance of some hundreds of miles, and then building a city on it. It is the biggest feat of transportation ever recorded.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

MY PETS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Why I have never written of them before now is a wonder to me, for I never read of wonderful dogs, pet cats, or knowing parrots that I do not feel that I could "tell a tale worth two of that."

I cannot remember the time when I did not own a pet or pets of some kind. I have been told of a beautiful poodle, given to me when I was a mere infant, and of my sorrow when it was stolen from my arms on the door steps of our Philadelphia home. I only know that his name was "Marcus," and that he was a real French dog, presented by a genuine Frenchman. Then came a dog called "Pingo," and it has been a family *dog* name ever since. My one great sorrow is that dogs are so short-lived; and if we love them we must also part with them, and as no two dogs are alike, we are constantly finding new and rare qualities in our pet dogs.

I am an old woman now, but I often think of the time when a dog was about all the comfort I had. I was only eight years old when I was taken away from my father's home to live with a sister just married, and who had to follow her husband to a lonesome country home. Well knowing that he could not always be with her there, she begged to take me along for company.

I think those days passed on that farm were the most miserable days of my whole life. The newly-wedded pair were too much taken up with each other when together to notice me, and I had been accustomed to much petting all my life before. When my brother-in-law was absent my sister would sometimes talk with me, but I was no longer a pet. One night my new brother, let me call him Mr. M——, came home with a dog following him. He said he had tried to "get rid of the beast," but that for the last ten miles he had sneaked along, sometimes in front, sometimes behind him, and he jumped the bars when they arrived at the only opening leading from the road to the house. Now Mr. M—— did not like dogs, neither did my sister, but I begged to be allowed to feed and water him, and my request was rather grudgingly granted.

Oh! how thankful that poor neglected brute was! He was far from pretty, and could be best described as a "yaller dog." He was evidently young, not yet fully grown, as his tawny hide hung loosely over his lank form. He had top ears, large paws, a long, ratty looking tail, showing his mongrel breed. But his large, soft eyes redeemed him. Of course I called him "Pingo," and as we lived on a farm, I often repeated the old lines:

"There was a farmer had a dog,
And the name of him was Pingo,
With a P and an I and an N and a G and an O,
And his name you see was Pingo."

Poor Pingo had many kicks from his master and no love from his mistress, but I loved him dearly, and he repaid me well.

What romps we had together! I had never lived in the country before, and I was very timid; my sister didn't know anything about children, and never felt for my fears. She would send me for water to a spring away at the other side of the large field. She had not many conveniences for housekeeping, and I had to carry an earthen pitcher, heavy enough when empty, but when full of water it was all I could do to climb the steep bank from the spring with it. Pingo went with me now, and I no longer feared to meet snakes, rabbits, or other wild things. I often wonder how the earthen pitcher held out so long, for Pingo and I gambolled down the path together in a reckless manner.

One summer day I approached the spring, and was just stooping to dip in the pitcher, when a most horrible object met my sight. Now it was nothing but a large land turtle; but I had never seen one before, and its red eyes looked out at me from its distended head, as it sat on the stone above the spring. I screamed, dropped the pitcher and ran. Arriving at the house, I nearly fainted upon the door-step, where my sister met me. I told her that something awful was at the spring, and that I had to run—not yet daring to tell her the pitcher was broken. As I sat there, still panting, we noticed that Pingo was coming up the path on the full run, and seemingly in trouble, although his bowls were rather feeble.

What was our dismay to find that Pingo carried the turtle in his mouth, and as its head was far into the dog's mouth, we feared it was biting him. He pawed at the reptile until it quit its hold, and dropped it at my feet. Just then Mr. M. came to our assistance, and laughed at our fears. He marked his name and the date of the year upon the creature's back, and let it go. And I will say here, that six years after that same turtle was seen beside the same spring where I had first met it.

Some months after this time, Mr. M. brought home a tiny little pup as a pet for his wife. The moment he set it down on the floor to let us see how small and beautiful it was, I gave a scream of delight, and poor Pingo, thinking I was again frightened, took the little creature up in his huge jaws, and carrying it out, ran under the house with it! Pingo soon crawled out again and capered about me as if he had done some wonderful act, for which he should be praised. It was no easy work to rescue that mite of a pup; he had not sense enough to come at our call, and indeed at our first effort to reach it, Pingo darted in again and pushed the mite farther back. So I had to shut Pingo up in a room, while Mr. M. with rake and hoe fished for his pet, threatening all the time to break Pingo's poor head when he could get time to attend to him.

When at last the little dog was safe in my sister's arms, my first thought was for Pingo's safety. I shyly let him out and and coaxed him off to a distant field to run and play, thus giving time for his master's wrath to cool. And I was successful.

Pingo became a very large dog, and he required a great amount of food. Our family was small, and there were but few scraps left from our table, and no one but me ever seemed to think of feeding him. Many a time did I go hungry for his sake. His pleading eyes looking up to mine were too pathetic to be withstood. He certainly had a full share of all my meals. Two years only had passed, when Mr. M. concluded to rent the farm and go elsewhere. Pingo was to be left with the man who took the farm. Now I had longed to get away from that dismal place, but after seeing the coarse, cruel man who must hereafter be Pingo's master, I cried myself nearly sick. Poor dog! we would sit together behind a tree or stump, and he would whine and lick my tearful face, seeming to know that a change was coming. One day the new tenant came over with his ax to cut down a few trees still standing in the nearest field, wishing to have some firewood ready by the time his family arrived.

He had asked me as he passed the house if I would bring him out a cup of water after a while, and so Pingo and I went dancing down to the old spring together, alas! for the last time. We were to be parted the very next day, our goods being all packed.

But I tried not to think of this, so we romped as of old, and he held the edge of my dress in his teeth as we went out in the field to take the cup of water to the man. He drank greedily of the fresh cold water, but did not even thank me for fetching it, then gave the dog a kick, and took up his axe again; tears came to my eyes for my poor dog, but just then a squirrel ran up the very tree which was now nearly cut in two, and Pingo ever on the lookout for something to eat, sprang to the tree at once and stood there barking, not minding the heavy blows of the axe upon the other side.

Soon the man dropped his axe, and called "time to run." I did so, screaming for my dog to come to me. But he seemed to think we were anxious about that squirrel now chattering in the tree top, and almost climbed up the trunk as he barked.

The tree fell with a crash. Need I say that my dog was killed? Poor fellow! one yelp, and all was over! Was it not the best fate that could have befallen him at that time? I can think so now, for he escaped the cruel parting of the morrow, and the cruel usage he was likely to have suffered. Many a rare and costly dog has been mine since that time, but I can never forget my first dog friend; the faithful, homely Pingo. I am not done with my dogs yet by any means, but by way of variety will now tell of my parrot.

I had always longed to own a parrot. I had been reading of them since childhood, had seen a few, but never heard one speak. We were living out West, and I never had a chance to purchase one. At last I went to Chicago, a young city then, and there found a man who kept birds for sale. He had only one poor little parrot, not three months old, with scarcely any feathers on it as yet, and a pitiable-looking bird it was. The man told me that he had been unfortunate of late, having once to Europe and collected a variety of birds, but on his voyage back a great storm had swept his treasures overboard, and this poor young parrot was the only bird of the kind saved. He assured me that it would be a fine bird in time, and as he sold it to me at a reduced price, on account of its extreme youth, I took it at a venture.

With my bird in its cage, I travelled home, and got well laughed at for buying such a forlorn-looking creature. Now I knew nothing whatever of the habits or dispositions of parrots. So, the very first time that I took my new pet from his cage, I received a savage bite. This did not discourage me in the least. I petted and coaxed my new pet, determined to tame him. I named him "Paul Pry," as I was told it was a male bird, and in place of the usual Polly, we called him Paul or Paulie. It was in the fall of the year that I brought him home. I took him from the cage, and he never was placed in it again, unless when we travelled from one home to another. All that first winter he sat on a perch in my private room, seldom moving from it except to come to his meals, which from the first he seemed to prefer taking with us. So he always sat on the back of a chair, kept for him alone at my left hand, and I placed a saucer on a high dish that he might readily reach it, and filling the saucer with tea or coffee, would put therein whatever he seemed to like best from the table. Toast, biscuit, hominy, beans, and particularly custard, were always acceptable, but tea or coffee must always accompany it. If a covered dish was placed upon the table, he would stretch his neck, and refuse to eat until he could see what it contained, always hoping for pudding, of which he was so fond. I was not proud of my new pet, and seldom showed him at that time; but I had faith that in time he would come out all right. And he did! In the Spring his feathers grew rapidly, and of the most beautiful tints. His wings were a dark green when folded, but when spread there were scarlet, blue, and other brilliant colors, while his head was a light-canary yellow and the neck a pea-green. His beak and feet were white, and so clean looking, and his eyes a bright orange.

When I first ventured to place him upon a lilac bush in the garden I watched him closely lest he should fly away, but soon found that he had no wish to leave me.

I had now owned him over six months, yet he had never uttered a sound. But soon after having his liberty on the trees in our garden he began to give out the natural shrill cry of the bird. At first we thought he must be trying to say something, having always been told that parrots talked. Well, we would speculate as to what he was trying to say, so little did we know about it. As summer advanced Paul had his liberty more and more, and spent whole days in the tree-tops, always coming down within reach after sundown.

Still he did not talk, and I often feared that he never would. Some advised me to have his tongue split, a superstition that seems to have prevailed about parrots.

Often of an evening I would walk out in the garden about sundown and look for him in all the trees, but he was so near the color of the leaves that I could not always find him, and I would ask of any member of the family who chanced to be near, "Where's Paulie?" repeating the words frequently.

One evening, at my usual hour of taking my bird in, I was sitting by a window, when my husband stepped on the piazza and surprised me by asking, "Why have you lost him?" Lost who?" said I. "Your bird, he replied, did you not ask where's Paulie?' No, I had not. But in a moment came the words, distinctly spoken, and in my voice precisely.

These were his first words, and you may depend upon it I was proud of my pupil. After this he would call out the same words twenty times in succession, and no one could distinguish his voice from mine.

I would often hold him upon my finger and rub my cheek over his head, calling him my "pretty boy." He soon learned to say this also, and if he did any mischief, which I must own he was inclined to do very often, such as biting the furniture, tangling up the spools in my work-basket, and so on; if I scolded him for it he would be so humble and say in the softest tones imaginable, "Pretty boy."

He soon became perfectly devoted to me; his whole happiness seemed to be near to me. No matter to what part of the house I retired, Paul would find me out, either by getting out of doors and flying in at my window, or by following others through the house, up the stairs, at the *risk* of his life often, but he would find me. Bless the bird, how I loved him! He never became a great talker, as some do. He would not swear, let boys swear at him as they might; indeed, he seemed to despise boys as a race, and would none of them. Although every one seems to think they must say "Polly wants a cracker" to a parrot, our Paul never repeated the words, but seemed to dislike them. When my husband came in to his meals, he would often say cheerfully to Paul, "Well, Paulie, want your supper?' and the bird soon learned to say the same the moment his master entered the dining-room, and always asked it as a question, "Paulie wants his supper?"

Well, for more than ten years this bird was as one of our family, sitting at our table and living where we did. He was never neglected, let what would happen.

We were boarding at a hotel one winter, and of course Paul was with us. Indeed he was the pet of the house, for every one admired him.

He had a perch in our bed-room, and never disturbed us in any way. But one cold winter night I was awakened by a great fluttering, and getting up I lit the gas, and going to my bird, asked him what was the matter, my husband in the meantime sleeping soundly. Paul grew calm as long as I stood by him, but the moment I turned out the gas he began again to flutter his wings. I now felt provoked, but got up again, went into a front room to get my watch, and found it was three o'clock in the morning. Again I lay down, but in a few moments heard quite a commotion in the halls. The hotel was on fire, and Paul had done his best to tell me so. It was owing to him that I saved my watch and a few other things, for we had but a few moments to make our escape from the burning building. You may believe that Paul was my first care; and as I crossed the snow-covered street with him, he kept telling me that he was a "pretty boy."

Ah! well, Paul Pry had his day; it would be too painful for me to recount his sad death. I know this, that his life was a happy one, and his last words to me was to assure me that he was a "pretty boy." And now poor Paulie "lies under a stone."

I have not concluded which pet I shall write of next, I have so many to choose from, and all good in their way, and one and all beloved by their mistress.

AUNT ALICE.

ONLY A MUSIC TEACHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY DAISY BURNS.

Three young girls sat together one pleasant morning in Ada Seaton's parlor—two of them, Ada and her Cousin Maud, being engaged in some delicate needle-work, while the third sat idly tossing her hat in one hand, while with the other she drummed on the window-sill with a roll of music.

There was a marked contrast between the three—Ada was a tall, regal-looking girl, with large, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and golden hair which hung in ringlets around her lovely face—while her Cousin Maud was a real brunette, more beautiful, if anything, than Ada. And the third—well, Mary Annerly had deep, thoughtful gray eyes, a pure pale face, a free open countenance—and that was all. She was no beauty, yet when she spoke, looking straight into your own eyes—a peculiar habit of hers—you felt that below those gray orbs was a true woman.

But she was only a music teacher, and that fact somewhat accounted for her dress on that particular morning; yet I'm sure she looked quite as neat and felt fully as content in her nicely fitting calico dress, linen cuffs and collar, as did the Misses Seaton in their rich robes of empress cloth.

They had been discussing a young gentleman, who was then sojourning in their little town—Lionel Hunter, one who was eligible every way, being rich, handsome, intelligent, and of good family; consequently considered by "mammas" as a good "catch."

The young ladies had been to a ball on the previous evening, and now they were discussing Mr. Hunter's dancing.

"Oh, he moves splendidly!" said Ada.

"I know Apollo could not have been handsomer than he was last night," said Maud.

"For my part," said Mary Annerly, "I can't see that he dances a whit better than our own town boys. This thing of you all snubbing our own boys, as you did last night, for a stranger, I don't believe in. Mr. Hunter is no better than the rest; and except for his money—"

"Oh, but that is a tremendous exception, Mary," remarked the mercenary Ada.

"You wouldn't all rave nearly so much about him if he was a poor man, no matter how handsome he might be," continued Mary.

"Well, confess, Mary," said Ada, "don't you think him handsome?"

"Handsome is as handsome does," replied Mary.

"That's just like you, Mary. But I'll tell you what—I think him handsome, and if I don't become, eventually, Mrs. Hunter, it won't be my fault."

"Oh, my! Ada you ought not speak so," said Maud, looking perfectly horrified at Ada's words.

"Fiddle-de-dee, Maud," said Mary, "you'd like to be Mrs. Hunter just as well as Ada."

Maud bit her lip, while Ada rattled on.

"Say, Mary, why don't you enter the field; I believe he likes you best, any way. If I were you, I'd be still more eager than I am. He can give his wife such a splendid home. I've seen his residence; and I can imagine myself moving through those grand rooms now."

"Well, I shan't marry for a home, when I marry," said Mary; "besides, Lionel Hunter wouldn't suit me."

"You wouldn't refuse him?" exclaimed both girls.

"Should his majesty so far condescend as to make an offer to a music teacher, I should most assuredly refuse him; fortunately there is no chance of such an offer. I'd much rather marry a poor man, and see him work his way up in the world, than one who has always been used to riches and does naught but make away with them. Why if Lionel Hunter was to lose his fortune, he'd be the sorriest man in the world."

Just then the door opened, and two young gentlemen entered, Lionel Hunter one of them. Ada blushed; Maud tucked her head, while Mary went on with her drumming. After "good-evenings" had been said, and the gentlemen were seated, Mr. Hunter remarked—

"If I mistake not, I heard my own name uttered just before I entered. I would like very much to know what else was said. Miss Annerly, you are very frank; will you not tell me?"

"Nothing flattering, I can assure you. Don't you know eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves," she replied, looking up in his face laughing.

"No, Mr. Hunter," said Ada, for as Lionel's companion had monopolized Maud, Ada drew her chair up and joined in the conversation, "we were discussing that subject, so often discussed,—matrimony; and, what do you think, Mary says she wouldn't marry a rich man."

Mary's face flushed.

"You mistook me, Ada. I said I wouldn't marry a certain rich man you were speaking about; my reason was, he didn't suit me, and I didn't love him."

"What is your idea of love, Miss Annerly?" asked Lionel, while he twitched his moustache.

"'Two souls of a single thought,'" she quoted; "'two hearts that beat as one.'"

"No fear of you selling yourself ever," he said.

"That I wouldn't," replied Mary. "A bartering of the heart's purest emotions is a thing so absurd, I would not entertain, for a moment, a love based on such a chimera. Give me a love prompted by the geniality of soul, the unison of sentiment, and the singleness of heart, or none. But," tying on her hat, "I must bid you adieu."

"Pray let me accompany you,' said Lionel, rising.

"No," she replied. "I shall have to hurry to make the hour now; and 'twould be no pleasure to either of us. I've three lessons to give before night. Good-bye to all."

"What a fine woman Miss Annerly is," remarked Lionel, as Mary passed the window.

"Yes," said Ada; "and it is such a pity she's only a music teacher. Her opinion of you, however, is not so exalted as yours of her."

"Ah!"

"Yes; she says you'd be awful cross if you were not rich."

"I believe she does think me a trifling, conceited fellow; and I admire her very much."

Lionel Hunter knew he loved the young music teacher, and felt, though strange it may seem, he had but little chance to win her, for she avoided him on all occasions. He had hoped his wealth would assist him—she being poor; but after hearing her remarks that morning, he gave up that hope.

"I will do what I can, any way," he said. So one evening he walked home with her, meeting her on her return from her daily duties.

"You had a pleasant ride on the river last evening, I hope," she said.

"Oh, yes; bright eyes and ruby lips make life pleasant any time. The only fault I could find was, they were eyes and lips of others than you. Why would you not go with me?"

"I didn't want to go, and I knew Ada Seaton did."

"Miss Annerly, why do you dislike me?"

"I dislike you!" raising her eyes in wonderment.

"Yes; I am told by the ladies you really dislike me, and from—"

"They should speak the truth. I don't dislike you. I said you were no better than our own town boys; and if you were not so rich they'd say the same. If the truth were known, I'm as good a friend to you as any of them."

"Miss Annerly, I would ask more than friendship from you; my feelings bear no such cold title. I love you, yes, devotedly love you." They had stopped at the gate of Mary's boarding-house, and while he stood with his hand on the gate, he went on. "Can you not give me love for love? I want your whole heart, Mary; not only its pure, disinterested love, but all its doubts and fears, that I may return the one, relieve and calm the other, and render you happy, should you confide your all to my keeping. Tell me, can you not love me well enough to marry me?"

"Oh, Mr. Hunter it would never do.

"Why not?"

"We do not suit; just think of the difference in our station of life."

"Is that all? Tell me why we do not suit?"

"Oh, I do."

"I tell you Mary you think I'm a conceited puppy who only lives to spend money, and—"

"You have always been rich Mr. Hunter, should you become a victim of poverty—"

"I could bear it as well as any man. I'm a better man than you think me—if I was less worldly could you love me?"

"I would be more apt to do so."

"You love no one else?"

"No; my heart is free from love's chains."

"And you will not marry me, when I love you so?"

"I'm sorry, but it cannot be."

"I see 'tis useless to plead, good-bye, I shall leave to-morrow."

He pressed her hand and walked away.

"She does love me" he said to himself, "though she believes not. Oh, Mary, I will not yet give you up."

No little consternation was created the next morning among the young ladies when they understood urgent business had called Lionel Hunter away. Yet Mary went her regular round as calm and collected as usual.

"Oh, girls," said Ada Seaton, running in the parlor where half a dozen or so young ladies sat chatting, "what do you think, Lionel Hunter has lost his fortune, and is as poor as old Dick Morris," that latter personage being an old negro who worked the ladies' gardens for a mite.

"Why, what do you mean?" exclaimed all voices.

"Why, I saw it in the paper myself," she continued, "and Mr. Jones just told me he had a letter from him verifying the statement, and asking his influence in procuring him a situation here. How glad I am he didn't propose to me, if he had, I should now be Mrs. Hunter, and have to wear cotton dresses the balance of my days. Umph, how glad I am!"

"Oh, dear," said Maud, "it's awful, why any of us would have had him. He surely won't want to visit us when he returns."

"And if he should?" said Mary Annerly, poking the fire vigorously.

"Why, of course we won't notice him,' said Ada, "Maud is right; it would never do."

"Well, you girls have strange ideas," said Mary, "as if Lionel Hunter isn't Lionel Hunter, whether his pockets are full or empty. Here's one who will meet him with a friendly hand."

"Well," said Ada as Mary left the crowd, "it is well enough for Mary, but 'twould never do for us."

"That night Maud accepted an old suitor who had been put off on account of the possibility of a proposition from Lionel, while Ada began to think seriously of accepting an offer from a man old enough to be her father, but who was really worth half as much again as Lionel Hunter had been. Sure enough in a few weeks Lionel was settled as head clerk in Mr. Jones's establishment. It is true he was dressed plainly, and was minus the diamond ring, and studs of other days, yet he was Lionel Hunter. His invitations to tea and "spend the evening" were not so numerous as formerly, but he attributed that to the worldly mammas, yet when the Misses Seaton passed him with not even a bow or good evening, he could not attribute that to mamma.

"Ah," he thought, as his lip curled contemptuously. "I'm not nearly so splendid as I once was. The loss of my fortune has proved who my friends are." His first meeting with Mary Annerly was different. She was returning from her music lessons and he met her at the door of his employer.

"Why, Mr. Hunter," she said, extending her hand, "I am so glad to see you back in our midst again, you won't find our little town so gay, though, as last summer. This cold weather frightens away all gayety."

"I find quite a change here," he said, taking her roll of music from her and walking by her side, "and perhaps I had best ask permission before escorting you through the snow. Some of my old friends are not so glad to see me as formerly. You may be of the same mind as they."

"Oh, no—I want you to know I am as good a friend as when you were in prosperity, and any time you feel like it, come around to my boarding-house and we will have some music. I remember hearing you once say you loved music."

"Why did you not give me such an invitation then?"

"I feared you might interpret it wrongfully."

"Adversity is a pretty good test of friendship, don't you think so, Miss Annerly?"

"I found it so," she said.

"You were not always poor then?"

"Oh, no, until I was seventeen I had everything. I am twenty-three now, and since then have found what it is to be friendless and penniless. My father died, and I was left alone."

"You are by no means friendless—you seem to be very popular."

"Oh, here at home I am very well, but my city friends in Louisville and Cincinnati scarcely recognize me. My importance ceases here."

"Well, Miss Annerly," said Lionel, opening the gate, "I shall accept your invitation very soon and come around to hear some music." He did come round often to hear music, but sometimes the piano was not unclosed. One evening during one of these visits Lionel broached the old subject.

"Miss Annerly," he said, "can't you think better of your former decision and conclude just to love me a little. I do not offer you the wealth and home I did before, but my salary here is sufficient to support a wife, and indeed I can never be happy away from you."

"Mr. Hunter," she replied, and a tinge of red crept over her pale face, "I'm not surprised at this, I expected—I—hoped you would repeat your offer, for I find I mistook you altogether before, as well as my feelings toward yourself. I do love you—and—and—will be your wife."

"My own Mary—at last," he said. Then he kissed her.

They were married after a time, and a few days after the wedding Lionel said to his wife:

"Mary, I am going to take you home to-day."

"Home! Are we not to live here?"

"No, Mary, and you must forgive a little deception on my part," he said, passing his arm around her waist and looking tenderly upon her upturned face. "It was not my fault," he went on, "that I was born with wealth to command; and when I met you and loved you, I saw I had no chance to win you, you believing me to be a conceited spendthrift; so after I had puzzled over the question what to do a few months, I determined to practice a little deception. I wrote an article, stating my failure, and had a friendly editor publish it; then came here, believed by all to be but a poor clerk, and began to work. So you see I can work, should fortune frown upon us. Mary, I have the same wealth I've always had; you will have a luxuriant home, and all money can obtain, with a husband's true love. Darling, am I forgiven?"

Her head sank upon his bosom, and with her eyes filled with joyful tears she kissed him, and he was answered.

Ada Seaton never forgave herself for marrying that rich old man so hurriedly, and Maud still believes she could have married Lionel Hunter as well as that music teacher, if she had so desired.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.]

HOW TO ACQUIRE GOOD HEALTH. By Dr. O. W. GLEASON. This is a neatly-bound volume of about four hundred pages, which professes to teach its readers "how to acquire good health." The information necessary to that very desirable end is conveyed in a series of thirty-five lectures, embracing various matters in connection with sanitary science. The lectures are written in a chaste and refined manner, though sometimes treating of course on very delicate subjects. Speaking of diseases of the brain and nerves, the doctor deals pretty severely with the uses of tobacco in all its forms. Nature, says he, has given the human being great powers of endurance, and under the law of *toleration* we are enabled to gradually increase the dose of opium from one grain to a single drachm, and gradually increase the dose of tartar emetic from one grain to sixty, without vomiting, and finally to begin with a small quantity of tobacco each day, and gradually increase it until at last we become accomplished chewers, and can chew a plug a day. This law of toleration, however, he maintains, does not prove that the habitual use of these articles is not injurious, but that they inevitably exercise a baneful influence upon all the various organs of the body. The doctor further states that in a very extensive observation and experience, covering a space of over twenty years, and constantly examining and prescribing for various chronic diseases, more affections of the stomach, heart, brain, and nerves, are produced by the habitual use of tobacco than by any other cause. This is surely bad for the lovers of the weed, and we would wish to be able to say for their sake that the doctor is a *little* wrong. The book is illustrated with two hundred and fifty wood cuts. Price two dollars, and for sale by the doctor, at his residence, 1007 Arch street, Philadelphia.

☞ The Indians never use slang phrases.

☞ A law student, aged 80, was admitted to the bar in Hastings, Minn., recently.

☞ A beautiful story of gratitude is related by a Western paper. A Swede appeared at New Sa'em, Ill., lately, a friendless stranger with the small pox, and one O'Neill took care of him until he recovered. The neighbors then contributed and paid O'Neill $5 a day for his nursing. O'Neill was taken down by the disease and the grateful Swede nursed him, and when he got well presented a bill of $5 a day for his services.

☞ Instead of inviting their lady acquaintances to go "cousting" in Canada, the young men ask the girls to go "tobogganning." The toboggan, in its highest development, is six or seven feet long and twenty inches wide. It is made of light, tough wood, perhaps three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and is furnished with cushions, while paint, gilding, a lamp or a string of bells are added, according to the owner's taste. In this kind of sleigh young gentlemen and young ladies go coasting down the deep hill-sides.

☞ A farmer living several miles out of town, came up to Danbury recently to trade, accompanied by a little dog. The Danbury dogs never saw this dog before, and went for it. Every once in a while, despite the owner's surveillance, the pup was pounced upon. Toward night the farmer departed for home, with what was left of the animal done up in a brown paper.

☞ "Floating island" is a very nice thing at dessert, but it isn't so nice when it gets away from the dessert and floats about so as to obstruct navigation, as is the case in Flagstaff Pond, in Maine, where a well-wooded island, several acres in size, drifts around in so capricious a manner that the lumbermen are obliged to tow it out of the way by means of oxen, in order to send their logs through the outlet of the pond into Dead River.

☞ Biblical knowledge has made a long strides in some sections of New England. A New Hampshire minister, while portraying the history of Jonah, is reported to have uttered the following eloquent passage:

"I seem to see Jonah passing along the road to Nineveh; I seem to see him entering the ticket-office, buy his ticket, and pay for it; I seem to see him walk upon the vessel; I seem to see them lift their anchor, and the stately ship move grandly out upon the *broad Atlantic*."

☞ If not an item of religious intelligence, the fact that the organist of All Saints' Church, Hertford, England, has held his post for *eighty one* years is certainly unparalleled in the history of any congregation. The veteran's name is Bridgeman, and he now retires in the full possession of all his faculties, although nearly a centenarian.

☞ Extensive sponge beds have been discovered off the California coast.

MR. M. M. BAZE, Utica, N. Y., says his wife has used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, for all kinds of work, for upwards of ten years, with entire satisfaction. She never had any repairs done on it.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

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The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

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By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Lady Andleian's Trial," etc.

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By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

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By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquette," etc.

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By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

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By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Rasburn," etc. [Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.]

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Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at	2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

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☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded in *all cases*, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

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THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 22, 1873.

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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

SOME DARWINIAN DOINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We have had a wonderful masquerade, "European style," here in Cincinnati. Edward F. Noyes, Governor of Ohio, Carl Schurz, President Grant, and the Mayor of Cincinnati were invited. Governor Noyes and the Mayor of Cincinnati came. President Grant didn't. I don't know why he didn't. I don't know why Carl Schurz didn't come either. I'm sure our masquerade was German enough, in all conscience, to suit even a Prussian. It was as German as *Leberwurst und Sauerkraut* themselves. So I don't see why Carl Schurz didn't come. I'm sure, too, our masquerade was vastly more amusing than that performing circus up there in the Capitol at Washington, even with the Credit Mobilier thrown in. So I contend it showed very bad taste in President Grant and Carl Schurz to stay away.

You have heard maybe of the immense capacity of Exposition Hall here in Cincinnati. It is,—in short, it is a "big thing." The Presidential Convention was held in it last spring, the French Band (which was made up mostly of Germans,) gave their concerts in it, and every manner of meeting which is big, rude, noisy and unmanageable is held in Exposition Hall. So the Orpheus Society, which is an influential association of musical Germans, gave their grand public masquerade, "European style," in that said Hall. I think the great, roaring crowd at the masquerade was nearly as large as that at the Greeley Convention. At least it was guessed by experts that there must have been ten thousand people there, people and masqueraders.

Most everybody went. It was supremely amusing to a person who has brass enough not to be ashamed to be seen at any place where he is not ashamed to go. It was amusing to see some of the very wealthiest highfalutinest ladies of Cincinnati tucked away in an obscure corner of the gallery, with their sweet, pretty faces carefully concealed under masks, staring furiously and unceasingly through their eye-glasses at the great democratic crowd below, so that their greedy eyes might not lose a single motion or gesture or sight of the fun. And yet these very upper-ten women would have turned up the whites of their upper-ten eyes and gasped in a holy horror at the very hint that they would be caught at a public ball. *They* go to a public ball! O goodness! Now I say folks who go to a public masquerade and mingle in with the maskers, are not a whit worse than the folks who go there and want to do it, but daren't. What do you think? If you want to go to a great public masquerade at all, there is infinitely more fun, mirth and enjoyment in masking and costuming yourself, and joining the merry throng, talking to anybody you please, making as much noise as the limits of order will allow, and "sarcing" everybody you meet, than there is in skulking off in a dark corner, covering up your face because you are ashamed of yourself, and staring with might and main through your eyeglasses at everybody else. A fine lady who would do that ought to be ashamed of herself.

But human nature is funnier than most anything else in the world.

The Germans are nice people, as a rule. So are German institutions nice, and German ways, mostly, all but their confounded old fogy notions on the woman question. There they are exactly one thousand years behind the times, without any prospect of catching up. They are about the only people in America who can thoroughly enter into the spirit of a masquerade and make the most of it. I never saw Americans enjoy themselves in my life as some of those honest Germans did at the Orpheus' Ball. There were many Americans there, masquerading in costume, but, goodness! you could tell they were Americans the minute you laid eyes on 'em. Mask, false hair, and paper muslin couldn't hide the difference between German and American. The Germans somehow seemed to take to it natural, were as merry and frisky as kittens or young bears, and were possessed to overflowing with the grotesque spirit of Momus. The Americans, on the contrary, if I may be allowed to say it, stalked through the performance with a kind of solemn sneak. They had an air as though they thought they were playing circus and were ashamed of it, as if they were doing something disreputable and didn't like to be caught at it. I dare say it is a drop of the sour, thin old Puritan blood in us, which isn't washed out yet. But it doesn't exactly seem as though Americans were designed by Providence for frisky masqueraders, and that sort of thing.

The very funniest objects at that masquerade were the men dressed up like women. Indeed, one of the most ridiculous sights in this world is a man rigged out in woman's clothes. It's bad enough and ridiculous enough for women to have to wear the things, but the sight of a man loaded up with hair and muslin and laces and things, is enough to make a deacon's horse laugh. It is so absurdly easy to penetrate the disguise of a man dressed up like a woman. He always chooses some dress which will display his great thick, chunky ankles, in the first place. The idea of any born woman's ever having ankles the size of a young apple-tree. And then to see a gentlemen's waist in a tight dress! It looks like a flour barrel with a table cloth stretched tight around it. His brawny, manly shoulders are so supremely funny under a fairy-like lace mantle, and his big, bony wrists and knuckles bulging out from his lace ruffles and his white kids fit along with the tremendous shoulders very properly. It does appear to me that if I were a man, I never could fall in love with a woman after seeing a man dressed up in woman's clothes.

But the very most outrageously funny and grotesque part of it all is to see a man in woman's clothes try to waddle. You never saw anything so ridiculous. The masculine creature has somehow got it through his skull that the moment he encases his manly form in long skirts he must waddle. I don't know where the benighted masculine sex got the tradition from, I'm sure. I never in my life saw anything but the gait of a duck on a dead run, which was at all like the walk of a man when he thinks he is walking like a woman. If I thought women walked like that, I'd go and drown myself. And of all the two dozen or more men dressed in women's toggery that night, there wasn't one of 'em who didn't waddle in that unearthly manner. They thought they were doing it beautifully. But every once in a while they would forget in spite of themselves, and toss their lower limbs out free and easy, and swing their arms around in a very unladylike manner. Oh, you men! You haven't the shadow of an idea how modest a woman has to seem. You can form no conception of the strength and narrowness of the iron band in which she must live and move before folks, in order to keep you from making ugly remarks about her.

Among the masqueraders were three mystic, beautiful Druids, in their snowy robes and long, flowing beards, marching around together with their solemn white wands, perhaps like the horrid heathen Druids of old, seeking lovely youths for victims. Then there were two richly-robed, melancholy Charles Firsts, numerous Indians in their brave feathers and fierce war-paint, looking exceedingly like Mr. Lo, only cleaner. I guess so! There was beautiful Night, in dense black robes covered with shining stars, and by her side skulked an escaped convict in his zebra stripes. In another place an exaggerated negro minstrel capered about like a cat with the toothache, and anon hobbled by a crooked crone in dilapidated old woman's rig, with a huge, hideous night-cap and peaked hat like a witch on a broom-stick. There a stout, budding angel sailed past, with paper-muslin wings about a foot long sticking out from her shoulders, ridiculous little crooked, crippled-up things, reminding you of a chicken born before its time. There was the sun-god Apollo, with his flowing ringlets and golden bow, and not far off a naughty little Mercury cutting up all manner of antics. Here was a big, conceited Prussian, strutting about under his spiked helmet, and very properly after him "Satan came also," horns, cloven hoof, pitchfork and all. After the devil it is quite in order to mention that there were numerous young women at the masquerade with exceedingly low-necked dresses and arms bare to the shoulders. And, my beloved friends, the thermometer was at zero. But the young women weren't a bit cold, they said. Oh, no!

There were not more than a quarter of the masqueraders whose costumes represented any particular character, and not more than a quarter of that quarter took characters which were at all pretty to look at. Twenty clowns or more pranced around with their frightful faces and their little jingling bells. Some attempted no disguise at all except just a hideous nose six inches long. The prevailing taste seemed to run to clowns. Likewise hideous night-caps, fearful noses, double faces, one before and one behind, seemed to be popular. It's strange how the taste seemed to run to the ugly rather than the pretty. The idea seemed to be that if you disguised yourself in the most frightfully ugly rig your imagination could concoct, without a vestige of character to it, the purpose of the masquerade was answered. And I tell you some of the rigs were awful!

Are we descended from Darwin's monkeys? Yea; we are. ZIG.

LUCK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

There are men—a proportionately large class—who attribute every misfortune or failure, as well as every success in life, to that which they term luck—good or bad, as the case may be. The goddess is supposed, by the individuals composing this class, to bestow her smiles without cessation upon certain of its members, and to frown as undeviatingly upon others.

Brown will tell you that Jones is the luckiest man he ever saw. Every speculation he enters into coins him gold—every move he makes (though it be but a Friday flitting) turns out to be the right one; his favor in the ladies' sight is something miraculous; he couldn't fail, if he tried, in anything; in short, there is no end to his good luck! But Smith—unlucky Smith! Was there a disagreeable or unfortunate occurrence in life that was not made his own by individual experience? Did a single arrow, out of the many aimed at him, fall short of its mark? No smiles for him—frowns were his portion—no sunny sky—always clouds; and instead of the smooth, broad road leading to pleasant places, only a crooked, thorny path, and barren wastes and emptiness beyond! Little wonder that he slept one dismal night, and forgot to waken in the morning! "Just his ill-luck!" Brown said. But luck and he were quits at last.

It is at once droll and pathetic to see men who *should* be wise enough to attribute their gains and losses to true sources—worshipping blindly at an imaginary shrine, paying tribute to a phantom. But we are all shadow-chasers and idol-worshippers, each in his varied way; and perhaps some of us lay our sacrifices upon shrines as empty and unreal as that dim one where kneel the votaries of luck!

HER BURDEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Day after day she bore it, not repining—
Day after day she sought the narrow way
From morn till night, from night till morning shining.
She loitered not, nor went from it astray.

But once, at last, her heart within her burning,
Thus made she moan unto the silent stars—
"My fetters bind me—is there no returning,
And shall I never break my prison bars?

Sad heart, be patient for a little longer
Who knows what may not be in store for you?
Brave heart! beat for a time a little stronger—
Still hope—still wait—still steadfast be and true.

There came a time, before the sweet white dawning,
Ere yet the starry night let fall her crown,
When in that hour betwixt the night and morning—
She, being weary, laid her burden down.

"EGO."

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY OLIVE KING.

DEAR POST—Such a long, cold, disagreeable winter! I really don't see how we are going to have any new fashions if this dreadful state of things continues. I waited, oh, so wearily, all through January, thinking that February must come to us all smiles and sunshine. And it did. The air for the first few days was balmy as spring, and the sun came down like a benediction. But all the while I had been looking and hoping for warmth and brightness, I had quite forgotten that the snow was a foot or more on a level, and five feet or more on a drift. I had forgotten that the sidewalks were thick with ice and ashes, and I never took into consideration at all the fact that there was only one thing worse than freezing cold weather, and that was to have all the ice and snow and ashes go into liquidation. But I have found out how pleasant "the breaking up of a hard winter" is. The breaking up of a family is pretty bad, but bless you! it is a luxury compared to the trouble we are in now. But, no matter whether it rains, thaws, freezes or snows, *fashions* have to be looked after, else the readers of the Post, we all know, would never have anything in style. With this thought uppermost in my brain I started out the mildest, and warmest, and *softest* of all the soft days we have yet had, resolved to get posted on *modes* if I had to swim for it. I knew pretty well how the travelling would be and arrayed myself accordingly, and to an artist eye I don't think my appearance was as picturesque as it might have been. Nobody looks picturesque in Arctic overshoes and a waterpoof cloak short enough to expose their elephantine feet. A tiny little No. 1 foot looks like an ambulance, encased in those thoroughly comfortable, but thoroughly awful goloshes—and I do not blame the ladies who care for looks one bit for not taking kindly to them. I heard one lady say she would rather have chilblains and be obliged to sit with her feet in bran-water half her life, than to be seen out *once* with Arctic overshoes. Her case was an exceptional one though, as she herself admitted. Her foot was all the beauty she possessed. And it *was* beautiful. In the first place, it wasn't more than half big enough for her, and it had the true patrician curve to the instep, was slender and flexible, and in a well-fitting kid boot was as pretty a little member as one ever saw, unless possibly it might have been a member of a "Woman Rights" Convention. It seemed a pity to see such a foot on such a great, awkward, ungainly female, though the owner of it didn't seem to look upon it in any such light. She said Mother Nature had not endowed her with any beauty of form or face, and if she was obliged to travel on her *foot*, she thought she should be pardoned for making the most of it. I met her that very day in my search for fashions. She was on the slushiest of slushy crossings, and her little mud-bespattered kids were partly encased in little useless sandals; and there she stood deliberating, and may be standing there yet for aught I know, murmuring the refrain:

"If your foot is pretty, show it."

There were some things I did not look for that day, and there were some things I did look for. I did not expect to find handsome street toilets, or to catch glimpses of anything new and novel on the promenade. But I did suppose I should find everybody "gay and happy," and hear sweet peals of laughter floating out on the spring-like air. I imagined that the beautiful sunlight and genial atmosphere would have an inspiriting and invigorating effect, and I was not prepared when I reached Union Square, that popular resort of the shopping public, to see elegantly-attired ladies slowly picking their way over the wet pavements, their muffs suspended from their necks, and both hands fully employed in their vain attempts to keep their costly silks from trailing in the mud, while on every face was that scowling care-worn look, always betokening great anxiety and trouble of mind. I know what worried them well enough. They were afraid, and with reason, of spoiling their good clothes. I've no doubt that many a dress, fresh from the hands of the French modiste, Mrs. O'Neil, that cost heaps of money, and perhaps lots of coaxing and tears before Tom could be induced to "come down," went home that night utterly ruined.

I suppose if those ladies had worn short skirts that day they would have been as bright and joyous as the day was lovely—that is—if short skirts had been fashionable. No woman is happy unless fashionably dressed, and there is no use talking. Now after saying so much, I presume the moral is obvious to everybody; for fear some may not see it, I suppose I may as well do as Æsop always did—append it.

Moral. If you want to be happy, wear short skirts in the street. If it isn't fashionable, make it so by never appearing in a long one.

Seems to me if the ladies would all do this, and keep on doing it, short skirts would have to be the fashion—willy, nilly.

But I would not have you think that my travels in the slush resulted only in finding out that long dresses were a bore—a fact everybody was cognizant of before. Oh, no! I visited one immense ladies' furnishing emporium, and looked over all the styles in everything. Went right through the "bill of fare" so to speak, from soup to raisins, and after seeing all, I think I was most interested in the wrappers and petticoats—especially the petticoats. Now for my part I can't understand what anybody wants of a quilted, satin skirt of pale, delicate blue or rose color. The lady in attendance in that department informed me that they were lovely with a white cashmere embroidered wrapper, and were intended only to be worn for morning *negligée*. I "went for" my pocket dictionary on the spot. I didn't believe I rightly understood the meaning of the word *negligée*, but when I found that it did really mean "undress," "*dishabille*," before-breakfast uniform, I wondered more than ever. A white cashmere embroidered wrapper over a ninety-dollar satin petticoat would be an awfully sick kind of a *negligée*, I take it. They look pretty in the show-room, with all that wilderness of Wheeler and Wilson machine stitching, and the pretty bows of ribbon on either side, but I can't imagine any one foolish enough to want to fix up in that way in the morning. Why, to be in keeping with a white cashmere wrapper and a blue satin skirt, one would have to pass through the hands of a French hair-dresser, besides having all the little bows and knots arranged with careful carelessness, and wear silk stockings and satin slippers; and by the time one got the *negligée* all on it would be most night, and time to dress for dinner. And if it wasn't, what would any lady be good for in such a morning toilet? I can't see that she could possibly be anything but miserable. She couldn't water her canary for fear of soiling her finery. She couldn't read the morning paper for the ink, that always will rub off; and I can't think of anything she could do, except to sit down in state, and endure it.

But when I mentioned wrappers, I was intending to say that they all well made with little round capes that pin closely around the throat and fall to the belt. I saw but one exception to this, and that was a canary colored silk, lined, and wadded, and quilted in diamonds, which was in Gabrielle shape. The capes are comfortable, and they *look* it, which is half. But viewing them from my standpoint, I can't see that "peculiar grace" that is said to attach to them. If a lady has round shoulders and a broad ugly waist, it is becoming to hide them as effectually as possible, but a straight round figure never was and never will be improved by wearing a cape that conceals all its beauty.

THREE VIOLETS.

We walked in the garden, she and I—
As fair a maid as ever was seen,
With a form—such as poet sees in his sleep—
And a face like Proserpine.

And the curious violets hid in the leaves
Peeped up in her eyes as she passed,
And the roses thought the Queen of the flowers
Had come to their court at last.

She looked so pure, and she looked so sweet,
That—forgive me, O Virgin Mother in Heaven—
I felt as though I could kneel at her feet,
To have my sins forgiven.

And I plucked three violets from their stems,
And, sighing, I handed the buds to her,
And the old romance, asleep in my heart,
Began to wake and stir.

She took the violets from my hand,
With her delicate, dainty finger-tips,
That seemed as though they borrowed their hue
From the red of her rosebud lips.

And two of the flowers she put to sleep
In her pure young bosom—in peace to rest—
And the third at her throat, where only the ripples
Came up from the heave of her breast.

And I thought as I looked at that tender flower,
Of the Peri whose sin was unforgiven,
Who sits in her beauty all alone,
At the sapphire gates of Heaven.

And I know the two in her virgin breast
Will never awake, but die in their sleep,
While the other will linger awhile on earth,
To watch, and, perchance, to weep.

But better to die on the breast of love,
Like those happy enamored flowers,
Than to live to weep at the joys you have lost
In this desolate world of ours.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Parties for Children.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I do not think there is any objection to small or large social gatherings of children, at proper hours, and with due regard to their amusements and refreshments, but must enter my protest against the fashionable entertainments given by children of tender ages to their companions.

The hours, in the first place, are entirely too late, and the supper-tables are spread with the richest confections and dainties, which cannot but prove injurious to young children; for when not accompanied by their mammas or elder sisters they are allowed to eat whatever they please, without possessing sufficient judgment to discriminate between good and evil.

The folly and vanity of these parties originates with the mammas: and if one little girl gives a party another must follow suit; and so there is a series of these festivities, extending into the spring; and it is no wonder that so many girls are nervous, cross, thin and miserable. Cannot their mothers comprehend the mischief they are doing, and realize that they are sowing seeds now which will spring up and bear a fearful crop of nervous diseases, which will not only blast and wither their happiness, but also that of their relations?

The little brains of the girls become so prematurely excited, that they cannot go to school with any benefit to themselves; they cannot obtain a thorough knowledge of arithmetic, grammar, geography and history; even if they do succeed in speaking French and playing on the piano.

Boys are, doubtless, less injured than girls by the pernicious system of children's parties; first, because they play out in the open air so much more, and their systems are toned up to a higher key, and, secondly, because they are differently constituted, and will not turn their minds from their sleds, balls, tops and kites; and then, again, their dress must be simpler than that of the girls, and they therefore pay but little attention to it, and do not imbibe such large doses of poisonous vanity and love of display.

Premature men are not so often seen in this world; but premature women are, alas! quite too common.

And it is on this account that I desire to put in a plea for little girls, when their thoughtless mammas incline to make them older than their years. Do, my friends, let them enjoy a childish life. Pray do not rob them of the blessed gift of childhood, which is so soon taken from them by the flight of time.

Healthy little girls like to play romping games as well as boys, and it is a perfect delight to them to play "visiting," "keeping house," etc.; and these late hours, premature love-making and frippery, are not of their choosing; although, when once tasted, they become intoxicating, and "children's play" loses its flavor.

A child's fashionable party is only an imitation of the elder sister's entertainment. Perhaps, instead of nine o'clock, the rose-colored note of invitation may mention eight, as the hour when the guests will be expected.

Then the house must be adorned with wreaths of flowers and evergreens, and dancing, tableaux, or charades are provided as amusements; all very well, if exhibited at an early hour.

For instance, if the hour was four P. M., and the supper was served at seven; and the little guests expected to return home by eight o'clock, it would be a charming entertainment for children to participate in, and their elders to behold; but when the hours are so unseasonable for children from five to ten years of age, one cannot but style it both senseless and wicked.

Let us look in upon a child's party—at ten o'clock; and see the flushed faces, the sparkling eyes, and the nervousness exhibited by every little girl.

To be sure, they are most richly dressed; look at that one on our right; see her rich cherry-silk dress, with tiny shoes to match; the costly white lace over-dress; the gold necklace with jewelled pendant, bracelets, and ear-rings; the kid-gloves; and the exquisite fan; while her hair is most elaborately dressed, and long, drooping flowers mingled with the flossy curls.

Truly, she is a pretty sight! but how many children are made unhappy by the superior richness of her attire, and the artistic style of her head-dress? See the envious glances which the little girl at her left, plainly but most tastefully dressed in white muslin, casts upon her! Do not they show that evil passions are engendered in youthful hearts by such foolish displays?

You will answer "that it need not be so; that the envious child is to blame for the sin she cherishes in her little heart."

True—but would it have been so stimulated into growth, if she had not attended such a gathering?

Look in front of us, at that bright-eyed boy listening so attentively to his tiny partner's words; evidently she is calling his attention to the discontent and jealousy so plainly written on the brow of the little one in muslin!

Often at such parties, the lookers-on, who are old enough to know better, indulge in thoughtless remarks which are injurious to the children. They will openly express their admiration of the elegance of such a child's attire, the exquisite beauty of another, the gracefulness of a third, and the beautiful eyes and hair of still another.

All this tends to increase "the little foxes which devour the grapes." And shall we continue to do these things which we ought not to do?

I know one little girl who would not attend a party last week because she had worn the same dress, with but little alteration, at three successive parties; so when her entreaties could not prevail upon her papa to allow her a new dress at the cost of fifty dollars, she preferred to stay at home. And I felt that it was the best place for her; yet pitied both her and her parents for the folly and short-sightedness which could allow them to permit such proceedings.

Another little girl teased her papa for a new set of ornaments for a coming party, and sixty dollars were expended upon it, out of an income that could illy afford such demands.

Can we wonder that fashionable young ladies now-a-days rarely marry men that are not either as old as their mothers, or else those who are seeking after the riches which their fathers have earned?

Their education is *so* false, *so* unnatural, that they cannot adapt themselves to any view of life which is not as artificial as themselves.

Yet we all know that there are mothers in fashionable life who are worthy of the name, and who set their faces against the follies and frivolities of their circle, and will not permit their children to indulge in pleasures which are entirely unsuited to their age and condition. If they could only influence their friends to adopt other amusements and earlier hours, they would be the benefactors of their age. Dancing is a lovely pastime, but it surely becomes injurious when carried into the hours of midnight by children, whose eyes should have been closed in sleep by eight o'clock. DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

FOR A CERTAIN YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MY DEAR MR. POST.—Now I am not one of the repining sort, but for *one* paragraph, in *one* column, of *one* of the dear old Posts, I'm very certain that you would never have been troubled with a chapter of complaints from me. But the challenge has been given by Mr. Milton T. Adkins, and I'm neither too tall, nor too small, too fat, nor too lean, to accept it and fight it out to the last. I should just like to know what right this "*oppressed*" gentleman has, to object to the repinings of my suffering sisters. If he don't want to hear, why don't he stop up his ears with a fence rail, or sprinkle sawdust in his eyes just as he comes to that column of interest. Poor fellow! how I pity such "*good nature*," that compels itself to hear what is so disagreeable, and to see what is so very objectionable.

Now *I* deeply sympathize with these afflicted daughters of Eve, who, it seems, have only *one* defect each, which they deplore. How is it then with one, who is burdened with a combination of these deplorable evils? Oh! lend a listening ear, Mr. M. T. A., for a few patient minutes, while I breathe into it a tale of woe, and if one briny tear does not course its way down your *brown and bearded* cheek, (if perchance you are so fortunate as to be so "*blue*-bearded,") then I set you down as a hard-hearted animal of the "brute" creation. But though you may not lend this listening ear, I know you've got too much "curiosity," to keep your eyes for one moment shut, while I pen these direful lines.

It seems to me that I was rightly named, and my parents must have foreseen the bitterness that was in store for me, when they called me "Marah"—"Marah Boniface." I am not only small, (of low stature,) but I am "lank, lean and wafery," with a complexion (when I'm bilious) very much the color of a pumpkin; hair of a tawny brown, and eyes of that pale, lustreless sea-green, overshadowed by a scarcely perceptible arch of faintest yellow—mouth so broad that I'm sure 'twould answer very well for a "fly trap," and filled with the ruins of what was once a good set of masticators; *the nose*, well—'tis neither straight, crooked nor hooked, neither a pug, nor a "turn up," but a regular "*snub*." Together with all these natural deformities, I am round shouldered too. "The Lord deliver us," I hear you exclaim, "but indeed there's not one redeeming feature to relieve my ugliness, and you can but agree with me when I say that I (who have read Addison's "Discontent") would be willing any day to swap my burdens with any one of my afflicted sisters. In my childhood we had an old darkie, whose pet name for me was "sticks." I never met him, that he didn't say, "How is you, to-day, Miss sticks," or something of the kind, and the name has stuck to me through all these many years, or rather that I treasure it up in my memory still. I never meet a friend, after a few days separation, that I am not greeted with the exclamation, "You don't grow a bit, indeed you seem to be growing smaller by degrees, and beautifully less," and then I sneak away to the very smallest pigeon-hole of a corner, and weep—oh! such bitter tears, to think that in the course of time I shall dwindle away to nothingness, and nothing will be left of me at last, but a pack of bones, which will "dry up and blow away."

You always hear people say of a *very ugly* person, "She is *awful* ugly, but *mighty* good." Now of all the disagreeable things that ever were said of me I hate that the *worst*, for in my youth I was blessed, or cursed rather, with excessive amiability, which, so people said, caused me to be run over and trampled upon by others, while I, (poor, good-natured thing!) like the senseless worm, would wriggle and twist in the dust of humiliation, but never say a word. But contact with the world and knowledge of human nature have given a *bitter* twinge to the sweetness of my youthful disposition, and I turn upon my oppressors now and sting them. I am independent as a wood sawyer, proud as Lucifer, and poor as a *church mice*. Not a dime have I, save my daily earnings. Work isn't the sweetest thing in the world, and so I once thought I'd write a little love story, and send it on to "Mr. Post," and oh, the beautiful visions of cabbage, potatoes and mutton chops, that clung around the blessed hope of the handsome fee that would reward my labors. But alas! after a week or so of hungry suspense, instead of cabbage, potatoes, &c., I had, as usual, "to chew the bitter end of disappointment" so I embalmed my rejected story in bitter tears, laid it away reverently and tenderly, resolved thenceforth to eschew "the pen" forever, and Mr. Post don't know to this day how much he has missed by it, nor how much suffering he inflicted on this lonely heart by his non-appreciation of my labor. But the saddest of all is yet to come. Listen, oh! Mr. M. T. A., and lift up your hands in holy horror. Youth is slipping from my grasp, and age is creeping upon me with stealthy step. Yes, I am growing old—my tawny hair is streaked with "silvery strokes," crows' feet are visible round the corners of my sea-green eyes, and lines are running adown the pumpkin cheeks. Leap-year is gone, and so is my last chance. Friends say to me, "Not married yet? If you don't mind, you'll be an old maid." Truth hurts, you know, and I sigh in bitterness of spirit. The other day I passed a set of rude boys, one of whom exclaimed, "There goes old Miss Marah *Bony-face*." "Hush, you rascal," said one, "she'll hear you, and it will make her feel bad." "I bedogged if I care. What makes her so confounded dried-up and ugly? And why don't some poor dog take pity on her and marry her?" I gave him, oh! such a look, and passed on, with a terrible itching in my fingers to catch him by his bristly locks, lift him up a foot or two and set him down—not very gently. Ah! love's young dream was sweet in the beginning, but in the end it turned to gall and wormwood, as everything does which comes to me. You laugh, Mr. Milton T. A., at the idea of such a conglomerated mass of ugliness ever having had such a dream, but nevertheless it's so. But

"The dream is past, and with it fled
The hopes that once my passion fed."

My life is now a bitter realization of my fatal name. Everything turns to bitterness beneath my touch, even to the biscuit that I once made, and put in quinine instead of soda, and heard everybody exclaim at the table, "Goodness, Marah, what is the matter with the biscuit? Poison, poison! Strychnine, strychnine! Send for the doctor, quick." And oh! my, how my dazed brain did whirl, and how I did pour the hot water and mustard down their poor throats, and how we did all laugh when the ludicrous mistake was discovered! I didn't make biscuit often, but the next time I thought I'd be pretty sure of the soda, and I was, too, for on breaking them open, imagine my feelings to see them as green as grass. Considerably bristled up by the laughter of some and exclamations of horror from others, I left the table hastily, exclaiming as I went, "I thought you were all cows and needed a little grass, so 'go to grass' and eat mullen, but catch me ever making biscuit for anybody again." And from that day to this, no dough has ever been through these hands of mine. Now, Mr. M. T. A., think you not that my burdens are almost too great for one poor little pair of shoulders to bear? and you will not say again that you are tired of hearing complaints, &c.? This is but but one chapter of events, so take care in the future. If you've got anything to say, then say it, but mind what you say and how you say it. Good-night, Mr. Post, and please give this room in your paper for the special benefit of Mr. M. T. A., and oblige one of your great admirers,

MARAH BONIFACE.

FASTER OVER THE SPARKLING SNOW.

Faster! faster! Dobbin, my boy!
Faster over the sparkling snow!
What with my love and the frosty air,
I and my heart are all aglow.
Haste! for a pair of dear, dark eyes
Are watching for me to-night, I know;
A moment's pause for us both, old boy,
Then over the roads again we'll go.

Three of us then, you know, of course—
Two in the sleigh and you, my boy.
But mark, old pony, you mustn't hear
The words I say in my heart's wild joy.
Toss your mane as you bear us on,
And ring your bells on the frosty air!
What should a staid old horse like you
For lovers and all their nonsense care?

What if our hands by chance, you know,
Under the buffalo-robe should meet?
I wonder who would the wiser be,
As we went dashing along the street?
No faster and faster, Dobbin, my boy.
Faster, over the sparkling snow!
What with love and the frosty air,
I and my heart are all aglow.

THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

The Philadelphia School of Design for Women has recently been thoroughly reorganized in every department, and a new and comprehensive system of instruction adopted.

Mr. Braidwood having left, the present principal is Miss E. Croasdale, who though a native of Bucks county, in this State, is a graduate of the Government Art Training School in London. She is assisted by Miss R. N. Trump, Mr. Charles Page, Mrs. Williams and others.

Three distinct branches of study are taught—ornament, landscape and the human figure. The importance of the first, both as a means of opening new and pleasant avenues of employment to women, and also for the improvement of the products of our many ornamental and useful industries, can hardly be over estimated. It would seem that the Arts of Design were peculiarly adapted to the female mind and hand—and in the designing of patterns for all textile fabrics, as well as of wall papers, gas fixtures, bronzes, &c., one would think there was the widest kind of a field, and a reasonably profitable one.

The fee for tuition is $20 per term of five months—payable in advance—a pro rata reduction being made to those entering after the beginning of a term. The terms commence on the first Monday in February, and the first Monday in September. The hours are between 9 and 2, with a recess at 12, every day except Saturday, when there is no session.

Any of our readers wishing further information, can apply in person or by letter to Miss E. Croasdale, at the School of Design, N. W. corner of Penn Square and Filbert street.

A LOST CONTINENT.

Plato sent down to posterity a tradition of his day that a great continent which occupied the place now covered by the Atlantic Ocean suddenly sank down out of sight. He further says it was an island called Atlantis. On it were kingdoms and organized governments, wealth, arts and civilization, instantly lost to human sight.

It is now the opinion of the leading geologists—those most advanced in science—that the American continent appeared when the Atlantic waters rushed into the enormous cavity or depression of the earth's surface now filled by salt water. The Rocky Mountains were then the rough bottom of an ocean which rose with marine plants, shells and other products of an aquatic origin, that are found abundantly strewn there, and, in fact, all over North and South America.

Remnants of Atlantis, the submerged continent, are believed by some scientists to be recognized in the Adirondacks, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and a few other out-croppings belonging to the outer boundaries of that deluged and forever lost country. There is no knowing what astounding discoveries may yet be made in coming ages corroborative of Plato's narration.

An engaged young gentleman got rather neatly out of a little scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned it, but said that their united ages made only twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven and laughed off her pout. He did not explain that one was nineteen and the other two years of age. Wasn't it artful.

☞ Rather a remarkable yarn is told in Portland, Me. Fourteen years ago an old lady in that city fell dead from heart disease while winding up the clock. The time was ten minutes before ten in the morning. The curious point is that the clock has stopped ever since at 10 o'clock on the anniversary of her death. This has regularly occurred every year for fourteen years. It is time to have the clock taken to pieces and cleaned.

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THE LOST GIFT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE S. LADD.

So gay and light, her eyes so bright,
They called her merry Kate;
You cared not what the hour of night,
If she stood at the gate.

If you were racked on fortune's wheel,
She soothed with finest skill;
Yet never were you made to feel
Subject to her sweet will.

On last Forefather's Day a ship,
While coming up the Sound,
Bound homeward, from an outward trip,
Was wrecked, and all were drowned.

A rumor flies—If it be true,
The captain's second-mate,
Who perished with that fated crew,
Would soon have wedded Kate.

However that, her smile is strange,
And oft she bends her head—
And if you note the weary change,
She says the gift has fled.

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD."

CHAPTER V.

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

It was some minutes before Mr. Murphy returned, and when he did so, it was without the broad sheet, for which he said the man had charged such an exorbitant sum that he refused to give it. At this Mrs. Mulvaney grumbled, observing, justly enough, that the extravagance would not have affected Mr. Murphy's purse, but her own, while the broad sheet would have been a very entertaining piece of literature with which to beguile the evening. However, the very first thing in the morning she would buy the newspaper, where the authentic account of the transaction would be duly chronicled.

"That's if it occurred at all, Mrs. Mulvaney," said Murphy, with a short laugh, "which is more than doubtful;" and at the same time Robert felt a significant pressure on his foot, as though a broad-wheeled wagon was passing over his toe, which certainly did not emanate from the lady of the house. The conversation here took another turn, and Murphy took to the whisky, of which he swallowed considerable in a very short time.

"Come, Mr. Murphy, you have had enough," said the widow, presently. "Nay"—for he had made a snatch at the spirit bottle, but not being in a condition favorable for the calculation of distance, missed it—"I am mistress here; and though I can't send you to bed like a child, though you are no wiser than a child, and deserve to be whipped, you shall have no more to drink;" with which she tucked the bottle under her arm, and triumphantly marched off.

"She thinks I'm dhrunk," observed Mr. Murphy, confidentially, and winking more sagaciously than ever at his young friend.

"I confess I—" Robert was about to add that he himself had rather leaned to that opinion, when the other interrupted him impatiently—

"Tchut, lad; do you take Dick Murphy for a fool, that he should get dhrunk when he had a saycret to keep, and with a woman as he's sweet on in the room? No, no; it is not a few glasses of such poor staff as that as could hurt me. I wanted to put her off the scent, that's all. She'll be thinking half the night, d'ye see, whether I've put my candle out or under the bed, and wonder whether the house is on fire, instead of concerning herself about our affairs. If she had got hold of that broad sheet, there might have been the deuce to pay. Them patrols are dead, lad."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Robert, greatly shocked. "And was that what the man was hallooing about?"

"Of course it was; and he was calling it *murder*, too; mind that."

"It was a cruel and infamous act, any way," said the boy, excitedly. "that putting the tree across the road, just after you yourself had been saved from the same peril, and I am glad I had no part in it."

"Oh, *that's* your game, is it?" cried the other, grimly. "You think you are free of it, do you, while others have to pay the shot? Well, let me tell you, you're most infernally mistaken there. We're all in the same boat, we three. You're what they call an accessory after the fact. They've got your name in it all regular."

"My name!" ejaculated Robert, in horror, his thoughts instantly flying to the cottage in the forest, and picturing Lizzy's face when she should come to hear such tidings of her lover. "But no; that is impossible; you are lying to me."

"Don't you use such hard words, my young fighting-cock, or you will get hard blows in answer," said Murphy, menacingly. "If they haven't got your name, they've got your description as like as life. If the gallows bear fruit at all, it will bear three; two goodly Irish apples, that's me and the young masther (which the saints forbid!) and one little English crab, which is yourself. So, what I say is, be careful; lie snug as a mouse, and open your lips to nobody about what happened last night till you have put a thousand miles of salt sea between you and English land."

Murphy waited for a moment, as if expecting a reply, but receiving none, gave a surly nod of his head by way of "good-night," and marched, not very steadily, out of the room.

Robert listened mechanically to his heavy footsteps as they staggered up-stairs, and to the violent closing of his bedroom door. The news he had just heard had deprived him not only of speech, but of the power of rational reflection. If his name had really been mentioned—and here the ingenious Mr. Murphy (through ignorance of the fanciful value which some people put upon their reputations) had been within a very little of precipitating the very catastrophe he would have averted—Robert would perhaps have gone straight to the nearest police station and given himself up, the better to clear himself hereafter. But since it was only his description that was thus advertised, might it not be well to take this ruffian's advice, and leave the country as soon as opportunity offered? Any disclosure would, moreover, implicate Mr. Kavanagh, and his feelings toward that gentleman were very warm and grateful. Upon the whole, therefore, and after long pondering, he decided to take Murphy's advice, though perfectly well aware that it had been dictated by the most unblushing selfishness; and somewhat relieved by having come to this conclusion, he dragged his weary limbs to bed, and slept as only the young can sleep when trouble sits by the pillow.

With the first light of dawn, however, he awoke, and hearing a heavy footfall in the silent street, cautiously put aside the window-blind and looked out. His first idea, rechauffed from what his imagination had fed upon the previous night, was that it was a policeman; but it was not a policeman, and indeed might be said to be somebody very much the reverse, for it was Mr. Richard Murphy. This gentleman, to whom the *vin ordinaire* of his native country might not only be said to be meat, drink and clothing (for while imbibing it he felt the lack of none of them), but also sleep, was standing in front of the house, with a smiling countenance, and *wiping his mouth with the back of his hand*. The morning was damp, and there was a slight drizzle falling, which perhaps was welcome to him, as reminding him of the weather in his native clime; at all events, it did not disturb him: he looked up the street and down the street with cheerful serenity, and was about to add his contribution to the incense-breathing morn, by lighting a short black dudheen, when the on-looker saw his countenance fall, his tobacco-pouch drop from his hands, and the whole aspect of the man alter as suddenly, and for the worse, as though he had been shot in the stomach. Following the direction of his staring eyes, Robert beheld an announcement on the dead-wall opposite, which in his turn made him shudder from head to foot: "*Murder—Two Hundred Pounds Reward—Frank Kavanagh.*" These words were in large capitals; and before he could make out the rest of what was printed in smaller type, Murphy had rushed across the street, plucked the notice from the wall, and was tearing it to fragments. So fierce and vehement was the action that Robert involuntarily compared it, in his own mind, with the rage and fury of some wild beast whose young is threatened: and as he did so he saw Murphy look quickly up at his window. It would have been easy to have dropped the corner of the blind, but some fascination forbade him to do so, and in an instant their eyes had met. Such a tigerish look came into Murphy's face, and so suddenly, as though bent upon some instant violence, did he rush indoors, that the boy took up the only weapon that was at hand, the poker, convinced that within the next minute he would have to defend his life. This necessity, however, did not arrive. Murphy remained below, doubtless persuaded to do so by Mrs. Mulvaney, whose voice, raised in passionate expostulation, could be distinctly heard. It was she, indeed, who had pointed out the notice to Dick's attention, or, unacquainted as he was with the art of reading, he would have remained in blissful ignorance of its existence, or concluded it to be a mere embellishment of the wall! And now it seemed she was impressing on him the futility, if not the wickedness, of endeavoring to make matters safe by proceeding to some fatal extremity. Robert discovered this by the simple method of opening his bed-room door and listening to the conversation, which, under the circumstances, he might well be excused for doing.

"He knows too much,' urged Murphy, with a growl like that of a wild beast. "He knows enough to hang us."

"No, no," rejoined the widow; then added something the listener could not catch, but which seemed to carry weight with it. "Moreover," she continued, in tones still hushed, but not inaudible, "you are not in your own land, remember; and by adding a new crime to the other, you will only increase the danger to the young master. You are out of your mind, Dick—and it isn't far you have to go for that—or I would say, besides, that none but a villain would think of murdering a poor lad like that because of a groundless suspicion of his fidelity."

"Murthering! Mrs. Mulvaney; you're joking," returned Murphy, in tones of apparent good humor. "I was only going to put the innocent young fellow out of the risk of temptation. Two hundred pounds reward is a considerable attraction, and especially to one who wants to marry and set up housekeeping."

"You ought to be ashamed to say so," answered the widow, evidently resisting some personal attentions of her variable swain; "any one who is really in love with a young woman is the last person to entertain thoughts of treachery; though if he is only pretending to be so— Now be aisy, and keep off, Mr. Murphy."

It was clear all danger to himself, for the present, at least, was over; and Robert discreetly closed his door, and left the loving pair to conclude their love passages without an eavesdropper. It was, indeed, with some little embarrassment that he presently descended into the sitting-room to meet the man who, he had every reason to believe, but half an hour before entertained the design of cutting his throat; but it was without fear. Boy as he was, he was far from being easily frightened.

Mr. Murphy seemed now entirely at his ease, and bade his young friend "Good-morning!" in a tone that was almost genial. Mrs. Mulvaney was as kind in her manner as ever, but was evidently depressed. Instead of being talkative, as usual, she busied herself in preparing their breakfast without a word; and sometimes, as though wrapped in thought, did not reply even when Murphy addressed her. In speaking of their proposed visit to Herne street that morning, Dick observed, "And unless you come with us—which, I suppose, can hardly be, mishtress—you will scarce see the young masther yourself before he sails."

"I suppose not," answered the widow, coldly.

"Not but that he would come here himself, if it were safe, and bid you good-bye in person, you may be sure," said Dick, soothingly.

It was evident that he had mistaken the cause of her indifference, for she added, sharply:

"I don't wish to see him, Mr. Murphy, either here or elsewhere; but least of all in my own house."

"And you say that, who were born within the shadow of the ould masther's roof-tree, and you have had bread from his hand!"

"Yes," cried the widow, firmly, "I do say it. I wash my hands of him; and I wish he could wash his of—"

"Silence, woman!" ejaculated Murphy, with a savage oath. "Stop that glib tongue of yours; unless, indeed," added he, bitterly, "you wish to get the blood-money. Perhaps it is *that* which has made such a change in Bridget Mulvaney. English air by itself could never have done it."

The widow's eyes flashed fire.

"I am not going to argue with you, Richard Murphy, or rather with the devil that is in you. I only warn you, for your own sake and for another's, not to be so free of speech to your foes as you have been this day to one who was onst your friend." With that she rose from her chair, not without some dignity, and keeping a calm, contemptuous face opposed to his scowling looks, walked slowly out of the room. At this Mr. Murphy's features became suddenly chopfallen, and he fell to scratching his head.

"A woman is a curious creature, lad, as you will find out for yourself some day," observed he to his remaining companion. "Now one would almost think, if one did not know her, that Mrs. Mulvaney yonder was downright vexed."

Not having the advantage of a long acquaintance with the lady in question, Robert confessed that that impression had been produced upon his own mind.

"But she wasn't though; or if she was, it's over by this time," explained the other. "I own it was wrong in me to use such hard words, but a squeeze of her hand, or at most a chuck under the chin, will make her all right."

Notwithstanding this confident speech, however, Mr. Murphy did not attempt either of these experiences, nor, indeed, had he the opportunity of doing so, for when, after some hesitation, he ventured very gently to ring the bell, it was answered, not, as usual, by the widow, but by the maid-of-all-work, who quietly proceeded to remove the breakfast things.

"Missis's compliments," said she, "and if you should plaze to want anything, it is *me* as is to get it ready for you."

At this Mr. Murphy looked rather thoughtful for a minute or two, and then, with the air of a man who has made up his mind on an important subject, chucked *her* under the chin, and bade her fetch the whisky bottle. "When love is denied to us, lad," observed he, with pathos, "there is nothing for it but to take to what is better—liquor."

He took to it till about noon, and then informed his companion that the time had come to keep their appointment with the young master. Robert professed his readiness to accompany him; but when Murphy took his arm and would have passed it through his own, the lad drew back.

"I am no man's prisoner," said he, haughtily, "and I either walk in freedom or not at all."

Murphy gave him one of his ugly looks, but perhaps reflecting that there was no time to spare just then for having a quarrel out (a pleasure which can always be postponed), he permitted him to have his way as far as the nearest cab-stand, when he called a vehicle, and ordered the man to drive to Herne street.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. WILSON.

At a small house on Herne street the cab stopped, and Murphy and his companion alighted. As they passed in without knocking, Robert's eye was at once attracted to the names, among which it naturally looked for that of Kavanagh; he was surprised to find it absent. They went up a stone staircase—and only stopped where the stairs stopped—at the third floor, and opposite a door with "Mr. Wilson" painted on it. Murphy knocked, and a strange voice bade them come in.

Seated at a round table, in a somewhat lofty room, was a gray-haired old gentleman, pale, and with dark rings under his eyes, examining attentively a huge map spread out before him. So absorbed was he in his task that he did but give a single glance toward his visitors, and then motioning with his hand toward a couple of chairs, resumed his occupation. Robert was not sorry for this, because it enabled him to at once indulge his curiosity, which was greatly excited by the contents of the apartment in which everything was strange to him. Considering that it was at the top of the house, the room was a lofty one, and hung from floor to ceiling with pictures. The furniture consisted partly of pictures also, which, in various degrees of completion, lay about the chairs and tables, and even on the floor; a curious machine, which he rightly concluded to be a painter's easel, though he had never before seen one, occupied a prominent place; and in two of the corners were life-size figures in armor, standing, sentry-like, over all this disarray. Suddenly Murphy called to him, sharply, "Don't you hear Mr. Denton speak to you, or are you bent on making him say everything twice over, and him so weak and ill, you omadhawn?"

Without bestowing a glance on Murphy, Robert respectfully apologized to the old gentleman for his inattention, and, in obedience to a sign from him, drew near his table.

"So you have quite made up your mind, I hear, young man," said the stranger, feebly, "to leave this country, and take your chance with your new employer?"

"With Mr. Kavanagh—yes, sir."

"Be aisy, you fool," growled Murphy, "and leave gentlemen's names for themselves and their friends to use them."

"Hush, hush!" said the old gentleman, turning round upon Dick severely, "and don't *you* call people out of their names so freely. If I am not much mistaken in physiognomy, this lad is no more fool and omadhawn than yourself—and that is Mr. Frank's opinion.—The fact is, Robert Chesney, that just now Mr. Kavanagh has reason to conceal his name, and it's better not to mention it. Indeed, he is at present concealing himself, and this is why I am appointed his substitute to speak with you this morning. You see this map—here is England, look you, and there, on the other side of the world, is Australia. It takes months to go thither and months to return—if one ever does return—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Robert, "but I have thought of all that, and if so be as Mr. ——"

"Let us say Mr. Frank only, or perhaps Mr. Wilson would be better still," suggested the old gentleman, with a smile.

"Very good, sir. Then, if Mr. Wilson is still of the same mind toward me as before, I do assure you I shall not go back from *my* word. I am quite ready to go with him to Australia, or anywhere else, and make myself useful in the way that was agreed upon. But I should like to tell some one—I mean I should wish to write before I start to some one—"

"Be quiet, Murphy," cried Mr. Denton, in answer to a growl of remonstrance from that gentleman; "how *can* you make me raise my voice, when you know I am so unfitted to do so? The lad thoroughly understands he is to mention no names, and that is sufficient.—Yes, you may write of course, and tell her.—for it is a 'her,' I suppose, eh?—that if she writes by return of post, under cover, to Mr. Denton, Lloyd Brothers, shipping agents, Liverpool, you will get her reply before you start. Mr. Wilson has instructed me to supply you with an outfit for the voyage, which will be accomplished in an emigrant vessel, and I am to tell you not to be astonished if he himself should not be on board of her. Murphy will be there, and myself, but—"

"What! is not Mr. Frank to go with us?" interrupted Robert. "Nay, sir, then that alters all; for I took service with *him*, and with no one else. There is no love lost between this man"—here he pointed over his shoulder to Murphy—"and myself; and though I am sure you are most kind and fair-spoken, I feel no call to go with you to the end of the earth, as I do with Mr. Kavanagh."

"That is well and boldly said, Robert," said Mr. Denton, smiling, "though it is not complimentary to me and Murphy. If you had been a little less hasty to express your sentiments, I should have added that though Mr. Frank would not be on board the ship at starting, he would join it before it got to sea."

"That is quite another matter, sir," answered Robert, simply; "and if it be so, I am at your service."

"Very good; then that is settled. I have just a few words to speak to Murphy; and meanwhile here is the newspaper—"

An exclamation in Irish here broke from Murphy's lips, but in unmistakable tones of alarm and horror.

"That man is afraid of my reading something in the paper about Mr. Frank," observed Robert, contemptuously, his cheeks growing scarlet with indignation. "He accused Mrs. Mulvaney this morning, of wanting to sell his master to the police for the two hundred pounds reward that is offered, so that I suppose I ought not to feel aggrieved that he suspects me of the like baseness; but you may tell Mr. Frank that his secret is as safe with me as with yonder scowling Irishman. I did not approve of that deed which has brought his master into trouble; but I think there was some excuse for it, and at all events, sooner than any harm should come to him through my means, I would cut my right hand off. Put the newspaper in your pocket, sir, for if you were to offer it to me now, I would not read it, nor shall I do so, if the opportunity should occur again to-morrow. I have my own opinion, as I have said, about the mischance to the patrol, which, after all, was more Murphy's doing than his master's; but I don't want to hear the worst made out of it and of Mr. Frank, as is clear is done by their calling it *Wilful Murder!*"

"This lad must have Irish blood in his veins," cried the old gentleman, regarding him with admiration. "I can scarcely believe that one professing such meritorious sentiments can likewise turn his hand to what is useful, and keep accounts. See, here is a long list of poor fellows who are going out with us to the antipodes, and who do not get their passage for nothing, and also a rough estimate of what their kits will come to. Sit down yonder and add me up the total. And in the mean time, Dick—for all this talking has knocked me up—do you get out the whisky, and let us drink success to the *Star of Erin* and her voyage. In three days' time—"

Here there was a knock at the door. Murphy ran to it and turned the key, then looked at Mr. Denton significantly.

"It's Polly's knock," whispered the latter, rising excitedly. "I had wished to have been spared this."

"No matter; it will be a good test," returned the other, encouragingly, in the same low tone. "Let her see you, if it be but for a minute or two, and then pass into the bedroom, and so out."

Here the knocking was repeated, and a female voice exclaimed through the key-hole, plaintively,

"Let me in, Frank. I know you are there, for I hear your voice."

"You are mistaken there, Miss Mary," observed Murphy, unlocking the door and admitting the would-be visitor. "Mr. Wilson is out, and when he will return is very uncertain."

The new arrival was a young woman of considerable beauty, small, but exquisitely shaped, and whose keen blue eyes and lavish wealth of rich brown hair seemed to recall to Robert some familiar face. If that were so, the recognition did not appear to be mutual.

"Who is *he?*" inquired the young woman, pointing without a trace of shyness at Chesney; then carrying her finger on toward Mr. Denton, "and *he?*"

"They are two of my master's friends, whom I had no particular orders to introduce to you, Miss Mary," answered Murphy.

"They are here by appointment, then, and waiting for him. Well, I shall wait for him too."

With that she unfastened the seal-skin cloak she wore, and sitting down with her back turned toward Murphy, put up her pretty feet upon the fender.

"You may stop, or go away, Miss Mary, just as you please—"

"Thank you," interrupted she, with sharp contempt; "I shall take advantage of your gracious permission, and stop."

"Well, that can only end in disappointment, miss. Mr. Frank is away, miles away; and, as you have been already informed by his own hand, is not coming back again to-day, nor any day. So there."

"Is this true, gentlemen?" cried the girl, rising suddenly from her chair, and looking from one to the other, appealingly. "I have no means of knowing whether this man is telling me truth or not, Heaven help me!"

As Mr. Denton did not even look toward her, but appeared more busily engaged with his map than ever, Robert thought himself called upon to reply. No man, with a heart in his bosom, looking on that pathetic, pleading face, could have refused to do so, and far less kind-hearted Robert Chesney, who, moreover, at once bethought him of one in the far-off forest glades who might one day be praying for some longed-for news of him—in vain.

"Indeed, miss," said he, tenderly, "I believe the man is telling you the truth. At least I came myself to-day to see Mr.—Mr. Wilson—and have failed in doing so. They told me he would not be here."

"And is it true—you are young and kind, and have an honest face; you would not tell me a lie, I feel—that Frank—that Mr. Wilson is going far away—abroad?"

"Indeed, miss, it is true."

At these words the little creature seemed to shrink within herself, and dropping into her seat again, covered her eyes with her hands to hide the tears that she could no longer restrain. Here Murphy touched Mr. Denton on the shoulder, and that gentleman rose at once, and passing softly but quickly across the floor, opened the bed-room door and closed it behind him. The next moment the outer door of the bed-chamber was heard to open, and a rapid step to descend the stairs.

"That's him—that is Frank's footstep!" exclaimed the girl, starting to her feet, and rushing to the door.

"It is not. It is only Mr. Denton," observed Murphy, coldly.

She ran out, however, to satisfy herself of the fact by leaning over the balusters, and presently came back again, looking very tearful and excited.

"What have you done with him? Where is he?" asked she of Murphy. "If you will not tell me where he is, at least tell me *how* he is?"

"Oh, he's well enough, so far as that goes," answered Dick, carelessly.

"He was *not* well when I saw him last, not looking like himself at all. He had some trouble on his mind—was going down upon some unpleasant business, he said, into the country; and that made him take to what is so bad for him more than ever."

"Rubbish!" returned Murphy, contemptuously. "If you mean whisky, no Irishman was ever hurt by whisky yet. If you mean weakness of another sort—a foolish passion for your pretty face—that's over."

"You liar!" cried the girl, her moist eyes darting fire, her cheeks aflame; "you wicked, cruel liar!" Murphy laughed contemptuously. "*You* pretend to love him—*you!*" she went on, with bitterness. "It is you who are his worst enemy. You lead him on to drink. You flatter and encourage him whenever he is bent on what is wrong and dangerous. *You*—you will be his ruin!"

"Be quiet, vixen!" shouted Murphy. "Keep a civil tongue in your head. You won't! Then just you walk out of this room, and take my word for it that it is the last time you ever see the inside of it."

"I will not stir!" cried she, defiantly. Robert knew her now; her face—generally resolute and scornful, as at present, but sometimes soft and pleading—was on half the pictures on the wall.

"Then I will put you out," said Murphy, sternly. He advanced toward her, holding out his huge hand menacingly. The expression of his face was so grim and fierce that she quailed before it.

"Oh, Frank! oh, Frank!" exclaimed she, with a passionate cry, "why, why are you not here to strike him dead?"

The huge hand was almost on her wrist, and she, like some graceful animal fascinated by beast or reptile, standing motionless, save for the trembling of her limbs, before him, when Robert suddenly bounded between them, and whirling her light form toward one of the mailed sentinels of the apartment, snatched out his sword from its rusty scabbard, and brandished it in Murphy's face. "I am not Mr. Frank, miss," cried he, assuringly, "but I will strike him dead if he lays a finger on you; and let me tell him that if his master is the man I take him for, he will have an account to settle with him for threatening a young lady under his own roof—like you."

"A young lady!" echoed Murphy, contemptuously, the allusion to his master doubtless checking the impulse he had at first entertained to rush in upon the lad, at all risks, and take summary vengeance on him for his interference. "A pretty sort of a young lady, truly, though scarcely worth your fighting for, if you knew all. And if it comes to telling, suppose *I* were to tell the masther that the last time I saw Miss Mary she was cuddled up in your arms, like *that*. Come, there is no need for tale-bearing, nor for quarrelling neither." It was evident that Mr. Murphy very much repented of what he had done, or had threatened to do, and that he feared the consequences of it. His tones, though gruff, were conciliatory; and his manner, like that of a bear asking for buns on the top of a pole, was embarrassed, but propitiatory.

"I am not more given to tale-bearing than yourself," said Robert, who had dropped his fair burden, not without a modest blush, at the other's innuendo; "nor do I seek a quarrel. But I won't stand by and see a woman ill-treated by any man; and she shall stay here as long as she likes, unless Mr. Frank gives orders to the contrary."

"*She* may stay, and *you* may stay, for all I care," replied Murphy, carelessly; "but I have business elsewhere." With that he left the room and passed down-stairs as far as the front-door, but did not cross the threshold. His business was twofold—to see that Chesney did not leave the house without him, and that his master did not enter it while Miss Mary remained within.

"I am very, very much obliged to you," said Miss Mary, forcing a smile, and holding out a pretty little hand. "I hope I may not be the cause of making that hateful man your enemy."

"Don't you trouble yourself about me," returned he, good-naturedly; "the only thing that gives me sorrow is to see you so cast down and sad. As for that fellow, Murphy, he was no friend of mine before."

"And yet you dared to anger him," said she, gratefully, "to save me from insult—*me*, whom he would have you believe was a worthless, wicked girl! But though I am no young lady, as you called me, I am not *that*, indeed, sir."

Robert knew that he was getting very red indeed. He was burning to express his conviction that Miss Mary was everything that she ought to be, but he couldn't get out a word.

"The fact is," continued his companion, frankly, "I'm a model."

"Indeed!" said Robert, simply, endeavoring not to appear surprised at this announcement, which, nevertheless, was a little unexpected. He had heard of a model of propriety, but he had never before seen one, and the reality fell short of his ideal.

"Oh, yes; I'm *there*, and *there*, and *there*," she said, pointing to various pictures, in which her lively features had been reproduced with more or less of success. "There was a time when Mr. Frank was never tired of painting me; but all that's over now, it seems."

She sighed so pitifully that Robert would have given all he had to have been able to say a word of comfort; but he had none to give. Simple as he was, he guessed that the relation between his master and this fair young creature had been a tender one, and was now broken off forever.

"Is Mr. Frank a painter, then?" inquired he.

"Yes; an amateur one, at least. What! did you not know that? You cannot, then, have known him long."

"I met him for the first time"—he was about to say "the night before last," but he stopped himself! that might be saying too much, perhaps. This girl could scarcely be in Mr. Kavanagh's confidence, when she did not even know him by his real name, but called him Wilson. "I met him for the first time quite lately."

"And yet you must be intimate with him to be admitted *here*," said she.

"I have been taken into his service, miss, and am going ab—"

"Going abroad with him, you were about to say," said the girl, quickly. "His letter told me truth, then! Well, well! I have no right to hinder him; no claim, alas! to accompany him. He would have said 'good-bye' with his own lips, I know, if he could have trusted himself to do so."

"He wished to spare you pain," suggested Robert, sympathizingly.

"Ah, I see; he has wound himself into your heart already," replied she, sadly. "Beware of him! Don't think I speak it in bitterness, and because he has deserted me; but take warning from one who knows him well, and loves him still, and whom it grieves to give it. Frank Wilson wears as kind a heart as yours; he has been kind to me—most kind—and treats me now as kindly as I deserve. But he is not himself at all times. Beware of him when his brow clouds, and his words flow free and fast; beware of him when the drink is in him, and Murphy is at his ear. He is mixed up with dangerous schemes; I know not what they are, but those who work them with him are low and villainous men, unlike himself—unlike, I trust, what you will ever be. I would go with him to-morrow to the end of the earth, if he would have me with him; but though I am blind upon my own account, I can see on yours. Again I say, beware of him. Good-bye, boy; and a thousand thanks." She held her hand out for the second time, which he took and pressed. Then giving one last look around the familiar walls, as though to bid them farewell, she left the room, and ran down-stairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE THE ADVANTAGE WAS.—"I had more money than he had to carry on the suit," said a very mean individual who had just won a lawsuit over a poor neighbor, "and that's where I had the advantage of him. Then I had much better counsel than he, and *there* I had the advantage of him. And his family were sick while the suit was pending, so he couldn't attend to it, and there I had the advantage of him again. But, then, Brown is a very decent sort of a man after all."

"Yes," said his listener, "and there's where he had the advantage of you."

☞ The following sentence from a notice of a book, in the London Saturday Review, is full to the brim with wise suggestiveness: "A wife whose sole idea of conjugal happiness is centered in caresses, and deep looks of love, and moonlight rambles on the terrace, and the tightest possible strain of the apron-strings, and who, failing these manifestations, gives way to tears, to rebukes, to pettish sarcasms, to outrageous retaliation, is of all women the one most likely to make an unhappy home, and to create the estrangement which she begins by deploring."

WERTZAL THE SCOUT;

OR,

The Phantom of the Black Hills.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ARIZONA.

And this was a mining district. Here the Yanko-American characteristic of going it with a rush was visible everywhere. The impromptu shops and dwelling places were erected with an eye to falling in with any straggling tornado that might wander that way. The day time, Sunday excepted, was comparatively quiet. The majority of the fellows about on this particular morning, had slid down the shafts into the mines, or were picking and blasting their way into the eternal hills. A few nondescripts with slouched hats on a bevel over the left ear, still mildly caroused in the tippling dens. Small bar-keepers rinsed their glasses preparatory to the close of the day. A few lazy half-breeds and Indians lounged around the canvas shops, or tried trading horses with each other. The mind of an Eastern man would be filled with unrest if he remained a few days in such a locality—there was seen such an absence of order and general quiet; there was felt such lawlessness as regards social, moral and religious life among this fierce, fighting, profane and mixed-up population.

Two men stood under the awning of the most pretentious public house of the place. One was the proprietor, a young, fiercely moustached fellow that a timid person wouldn't like to quarrel with—the other, of a pleasanter, milder face, was saying—

"It is simply murderous to manage business in this way. If I am to have charge here there is to be a new regulation forthwith. Neither the old, nor the new shaft, is safe to ascend and descend. The old one is literally tumbled in, and the supports of the new tunnel are wholly insufficient. I noticed yesterday that they were buckling down with the enormous pressure upon them."

"There is the greatest carelessness manifested in regard to human life in this section of country—it really isn't considered of any account at all if it is a-going to cost anything, or take any time to protect it."

"You are right, Evarts; but I am going to institute a new order of things."

Meanwhile in the silver quarries under ground worked the sweating miners. The lanterns distributed along the tunnels lighted up a weird and wonderful scene. Brawny forms, stripped to the waist, chipped away at the shining ore, and their garments, their shoes, and even their hair was powdered with the dust of the heavy gray metal. The lamps, burning weakly, threw feeble shadows on the opposite wall in strange, fantastic attitudes. Hardly a word was spoken. The most of them were men working the claim on day wages, and only intent—too often—on getting the hours off, and going up through the shaft to spend their wages and the night in wild carousal.

Evarts, who ran the largest public house within the distance of twenty miles, had from their first meeting taken a deep liking for Lieutenant Strother, and felt interested both in his movements and welfare. The mines at —— were owned by Eastern capitalists, who were sometimes bothered to find and competent and trustworthy men to oversee the business. When Strother, recommended by responsible persons, came to take charge of Messrs. Duncan & Howe's claim, he was astounded at the careless, life-endangering mode of doing business. Everything was rickety, and no provisions were made for accidents.

Mr. Duncan intended to come up and consult with Strother upon business matters before he had been more than two weeks at the place, but he had failed to appear as yet, and the lieutenant, of course, didn't like to leave until his arrival, lest he might miss seeing him.

During the day, on the morning of which he and Evarts had had the conversation, Strother descended the shaft into the mines. He passed in seeming carelessness to and fro, but was in reality examining the supports along the tunnels. His keen glance discovered an alarming curvature of the timbers since the previous day. Many of them were showing long splinters where the pressure had been heaviest, telling plainly to an experienced eye that a crisis might be pending at any time.

It was a wild place and a wild scene; no one could be more conscious of it than the new overseer, with whom life was opening up in glorious tints. He had had no trouble with the gangs of men working under his direction—in ordinary circumstances there would be none, as there was a rich magnetic influence hovering about the young man that bound all he met in good-fellowship with him, but—he shrank from what might occur if his worst fears were realized.

When he stepped into the tub and was windlassed up in the forenoon, he fully determined, after the men came out at night, to forbid their going down again until he had had the way made safe, even if he were obliged to pay them day-wages from his salary.

Early in the afternoon, he held a conversation with Evarts upon the subject. His mind was in a state of feverish excitement, more so than his friend hoped the occasion required. Some hours before the time of closing the day's labors, he again went down. He found the shaft fearfully narrowing in at the bottom. A rapid glance confirmed his worst fears. By placing his ear to the bent timbers he could distinctly make out the tick, tick, tick of the cracking splinters. The crisis was coming before his most horrible suspicions had imagined. He signalled to be drawn up. He then rapidly crossed the street. Evarts, noticing his unusual bearing, came out to meet him.

"I have hardly time to descend the shaft again," said Strother; "the sides and the bottom timbers are crowding in rapidly. Will you see that there are provisions enough lowered in the buckets to make the men comfortable as regards food?"

"What do you propose doing?"

"Returning into the mine to prevent any outbreak when they know that they cannot come out to-night. One particle of the usual rush to the tub will cave the shaft in, and there will not be air enough to keep us all alive until the old tunnel is opened. If they can be held in check until men can be got here to clear up the rubbish, and afford safe egress, not a life need be lost.

"But, Strother, you do not know the class of men with whom you have to deal. *I do.* Almost to a man they are gross, selfish, devilish. Do you suppose your pleasant voice, and their previous respect for you, will have any weight? Not a particle with the most of them. They will make a promiscuous rush for the shaft and will kill you and each other."

Evarts coolly threw aside his few valuables; hauled a closely fitting cap over his curling hair, and then made the startling announcement—

"I am going down in your stead."

"Never," hotly returned Strother, "do you suppose that I would send a man into a danger from which I shrank?"

"I do not;" coolly placing a pair of heavy revolvers in his belt; "but I have dealt with this class of people for several years. I know that there must not only be a Colt or Derringer in any argument with them, but they must also know that he who presents the weapon will fire without a twinge of tender

feeling. It is useless to speak, Strother. If you go down, I shall go also, while if I descend alone you can start immediately for a crew of men from T—— to get down here with their appurtenances and begin clearing out the old passage."

"You have placed me in a sore strait, Evarts," said his companion, with a tremble in his voice. "I feel the weight of your argument, but if anything should happen to you I should be consumed by eternal regrets."

"Have no fear," returned the young man. "I shall probably come out all right, and if I don't, there isn't an eye on all God's earth that would be wet for me. With you, how different—but time is precious, in an hour more they will be coming up."

Strother accompanied his friend to the shaft, shook hands lingeringly, spoke a word or two to the men who would attend upon the descending apparatus, and then throwing himself upon his horse he dashed off toward Tuscan.

Evarts had not descended half the length of the tunnel before he signalled to be drawn up. The usual machine for lifting and lowering the men had touched the sides and couldn't pass through. Without an instant's hesitation he seized upon the bucket ropes and was passed down into the mines, being obliged to hug his elbows snugly to his sides so as not to chafe the gradually closing in walls. He signalled "all right!" and for them to be ready to lower the buckets of provision.

"Now, boys," he began, immediately, taking his position with an eye to probabilities, after the waving of his arm had attracted attention and stilled the picks, "I've come down to tell you that we are boxed in for to-night, and I want you to take it coolly."

The men dropped their implements and gathered around him, calling out—

"What the devil's to pay, Evarts?"

"The shaft is caving in, and—"

"By —, I'll be up though," exclaimed a burly fellow, bare to the waist, as he sprang toward the mouth of the tunnel. The bucket of provision was just coming down.

"Listen a moment," went on the intrepid fellow fiercely, motioning the crowding gang back. "Keep still, and the bucket may safely pass down food enough for our temporary imprisonment, and the mouth of the tunnel may not close so tightly, but that ventilation will go on and we be comparatively safe until the other shaft is open. A rush and a jar will bury us all in a living grave."

"It won't me"—burst out a herculean miner, pushing through the others, and pressing forward toward the tunnel, whose opening, Evarts, firm as a rock, was guarding. The threatening movement was having effect upon the rest, many of whom otherwise would have listened to reason.

It was a fearful moment. The lamps stuck here and there in the crevices threw fantastic gleams upon the begrimed half-naked men, whose features now were changing with the variety of emotions surging through their souls.

Within, for moments, no sound was heard but the heavy breathing of the excited gang, as the frightful possibilities of their surroundings dawned upon each individual mind. Without came the creaking of the machinery that was carrying up the bucket which Evarts by some back-handed movement had managed to empty into a basket near by. In a moment more there was the sound of another descending tub. The burly miner made preparations to dash for the rope.

"Steve!" Evarts's voice rang through the shining silvery tomb, "you know me, and now don't you attempt it;" and he leveled his revolver at the breast of the insubordinate fellow. "The lives of these others rest with me, and I shall sacrifice you before them."

The man recklessly advanced upon the resolute figure confronting him, and thrust out his hand to push him aside. There was a flash and a report, and the miner fell. Another man might have hesitated and with fatal results. Another man would not have made the next move of Evarts.

"Jimmy," he said, calling on the greatest desperado of the gang—a broad-shouldered, hard-fisted gambler; "I want you to aid me. If one man attempts to struggle up through that shaft, it will fall in and suffocate us all together."

"Where's the overseer of the works?" called out a threatening voice. "Why ain't he here to stand the crash? Why didn't he see to this? What the devil are you interfering for?"

And a score of other angry remarks poured in from all sides.

"Softly, boys. Your new man hasn't been here but a few weeks, hoping all the time that the claim-owners would come and see to affairs. He's now gone toward Tuscan to procure a crew of men to clear out the disused shaft. Be quiet, and make up your minds to remain until they liberate us. He'll be back with a crew of men before daylight to-morrow, who will dig us out lively."

The second bucket was down and emptied now.

"If they'll send down our grog, we'll give in;" exclaimed one, "won't we, boys?"

"Yes, yes, yes," chorussed several.

"Not a drop," replied Evarts, sternly, "liquor is quarrelsome, and there isn't room for a free fight here."

Mutterings and oaths followed.

"He's right—Evarts is;" unexpectedly spoke up gambler Jim, in applying to whom so opportunely, the young hero had made a masterly diplomatic stroke; "now jist settle down all on ye. Here's grub, an' here's terbaccar; an' a good chance ter spin yarns, an' I purpose that we make the best of a bad matter."

With this, Jim ranged himself beside Evarts, and prepared to act in concert with him. The kind-hearted hero bade some of the men pick Steve up, and see if he was badly hurt.

"A flesh wound in the shoulder," was the report.

As they calmed down somewhat, the brave lad went on—

"Board and drink free for a month at my place, boys, if ye keep quiet till we get out."

But he dared not slack his vigilance, feeling some twinges of suspicion in regard to the man so near to him—in case the timbers close behind them should begin to crack off. The food was passed around; and then some of them produced a pack of cards, and collecting the lamps, appointed Tom, Dick and Harry as light-stands, and the goblin game went on. Bets ran high, and soon there was nearly as fierce an excitement shown as ever was witnessed in a gambling den. Jim stood it as long as he could, and then he came up to the magic circle, and soon his hoarse voice rang out,

"I see that, and go so much better."

Evarts was thus left alone with a fearful responsibility resting upon him, and an agonizing sense of the dreadful fate liable to overtake them at any moment. There was something horribly unreal in the diabolical scene before him. A lawless revel, in a tomb. Yet who could say if they had not been thus employed that worse might not have come? But the feeble and uncertain light of the lamps gave license, no doubt, to the cheating of the trickster, and it was not long before a dispute arose, oaths followed and a fight ensued.

Evarts again called upon Jimmy to interfere and restore order; but the burly ruffian was too much interested in the result of the play, which was to be adjusted with fisticuffs; and so he yelled out:

"Wade in, Dan Black, it was a trick—I'll swear to it."

"Knuckle out," roared the other party—"hit him on the snuffer, Bill, right atween the peepers. Thar ye hev him amidships. Now churn his supper up," and a host of other jargon, but partly understood outside of a proficient in the language.

An infernal uproar ensued. The heavy metal dust was kicked up and switched about, half the lamps were upset and extinguished, and the guardian of the shaft dare not for an instant leave it. Steve in the corner was alternately calling out for liquor, and raving with the pain of his wound, and swearing vengeance on the brave fellow who had shot him.

Evarts glanced at his watch. Half-past one o'clock. The short summer night was passing rapidly away after all. But either owing to the excitement of the fight, which had been brought to an end by the one party being pommelled until he cried quarter, and the other pommelling him until his fury was spent—or for some other cause, the air was growing oppressive. One or two commented upon it; but Evarts spoke out cheerily:

"The shaft is open, boys, don't get excited."

It was open yet, but each hour showed a fearful lessening of the aperture.

Another hour passed, and then more began complaining of the stifled sensation.

"By ——, I believe the old tunnel is stopped up," exclaimed one.

"It is, it is," called another and another.

"If Evarts lies throttle him," came from the crowd.

"I tell the truth. The tunnel is yet open. Jimmy come up and place your hand here by the mouth and you will perceive a draught. Mind, do not touch the timbers."

"She gapes yet, boys," the gambler affirmed.

Suddenly a faint rumbling was heard. It grew heavier and heavier, and an awful pause fell upon the lawless band.

Evarts did not dare express an opinion yet, lest he should mislead them and bring evil results.

They seemed even in the bowels of the earth to sense the jarring of the ground. Nearer, nearer yet. Then it ceased, and a hoarse shout penetrated faintly down the shaft.

"Any air, boys?"

"Not much," was hallooed back.

By the light of the lamps Evarts made out that it was three o'clock in the morning.

This mine had been worked but a little while. The first shaft sunk did not open upon a rich deposit of ore, and after drilling and blasting for some distance, they concluded that it wouldn't pay, and so sank another on the same claim. This opened upon a rich strata, and the miners had followed out both ways until they had tunnelled quite into the old mine, the opening of which had been allowed to fall in, as the timbers used there were required in the new passage.

The hours passed slowly to the seventy men in the silvery sepulchre, but the muffled sounds above told with what a will the men outside were working. More and more distinct were the echoes as they came farther and farther down.

Evarts again consulted his watch; it showed the hands at twenty minutes past eight. The lights were burning dimly, the air seemed hot, and breathing was difficult. Just then there began an ominous creaking to the right, and Evarts called hurriedly to the men huddled around the fearfully lessening aperture, "Back, back from the shaft!—the timbers are breaking in."

A dull crash followed, and they were entombed. Then a fierce and despairing cry burst forth.

"Keep quiet," urged the young hero. "It can't be but a little while before they will get through to us."

"An' how long do yer think we'll be able to breathe in this black hole?" was the fierce and threatening whisper close up to Evarts's ear.

"It depends much upon ourselves; any excitement will cause us to breathe deeper and more rapidly."

But he felt, even as he finished speaking, that his life was worth but little. Two or three of the most desperate characters felt that *they* might have escaped had it not been for the brave fellow who sought to save all.

The lamps burned dimly, and soon began to expire for want of air. The young man deemed it prudent to hug closely within the shadows. The suppressed breathing and stealthy movement convinced him that, if his identity could for a moment be made out, he would be murdered. The huge lungs began to gasp for air. Heavy cold sweat stood in drops upon many faces, so great was the agony of mind.

The strong fellows above, ignorant of the catastrophe that had overtaken the workmen, still strained every muscle to remove the obstructions. Time passed. Groans and curses rang through the silvery vault, and many were rolling spasmodically about the floor of the mine. A horrible death seemed inevitable for all.

The shouts of the people above throb in dull echoes upon the sufferers' ears. How long? how long? Wait. See! a mass of rock is moving in the very opening of the old shaft. There's a "Hip—hip—errah! rah! Up, up, lively, lads!—lively—now—altogether."

A flood of light and air rushed into the mine; but the rough, hoarse voices that an hour ago would have hailed the sight with profane exultation, now made no sound.

"Good God!" exclaimed the man, breasting the rush of foul gas. "They're every one stifled to death."

A cry of horror resounded from above. Two or three men were immediately lowered, and one of them called out, "No, they ain't dead, but are so near it that there's nothing to brag of."

"Pass them up, pass them up," yelled a stentorian voice. The nearest ones were crowded into the elevators, and the others drawn up to the opening as fast as their fellows were swung out.

Steve, the wounded man, was brought forward last, and Evarts, with an unnatural purple in the face, was raised with him.

In exact strength with his agony, when one after another were deposited upon the ground without his seeing Evarts, was Strother's joy when the last coming up delivered him apparently unharmed into his friend's waiting arms. One of the most fearful tragedies that ever rent the human mind was averted, under Providence, by the moral heroism of one human soul.

Some weeks later, when the excitement had died out and the new shaft was more properly and safely constructed, and everything prepared conducive to the comfort of the miners, who had gone to work again with very much the same programme for their future life, refusing conversion with this lesson, Evarts and Strothers sat cosily smoking their cigars under the awning of the inn. The full, resplendent moon had laid her shafts from Heaven to earth, and was pouring her silvery radiance over this footstool of the spheres. The stars, content with minor positions, made a magnificent background to the picture.

The two sat there too absorbed in their own thoughts to be disturbed by the cracked songs and croupy bursts of laughter in the bar-room behind them.

"You recollect your remark on that Doomsday,"—it was Lieutenant Strother's pleasant voice that spoke—"concerning there being no eye to weep if you were dead?"

His companion nodded.

"I have a wife in B——," Strother went on, "and away in the Eastern States an old father and mother love me, and to them I mean to return some time, God willing. And these are all the near and dear ones which I have to love. My heart is large—will you be my brother? I have an affection for you, stronger and closer and deeper than generally falls to man—tender and true, like a woman's love. Will you accept it?"

Evarts, unaccountably affected, reached his hand across his knees, and gave it to his companion.

"What trouble your past life has known, I perhaps can neither mend nor mar; what your future brings of evil, if man can avert it, shall be lightened."

Evarts still held the speaker's hand.

"I am moody and strange by times, and it is but right that you should know the cause. I can reveal it in a trite manner. I have nearly forsworn my kind. My wife, whom I trusted and idolized, eloped with another man."

Strother was astounded.

"Is it possible that you are a married man?"

"Am I then so much younger than yourself?" pointedly queried his companion.

"But you know—I never dreamed it?"

"Of course not, Strother; I do not wear my heart upon my sleeve."

Another silence fell between them, amply occupied, however, with the hiccoughing witticisms among the tap-room loafers.

If Evarts felt no inclination to continue the conversation his friend could not wonder, neither did he care to question him, doubting not his experience was nearly, if not quite, similar, to that of others suffering like disappointments.

Strangely enough, too, after that night's confidence the matter was not referred to again. That the adoption of the brotherhood was genuine, and felt by both, was evident in a nameless tie that bound them to each other with no common bond.

Neither can I hope to explain what course of reasoning, or what train of thought, led Strother, on one occasion, to turn to his companion, and first ask forgiveness if his question should give him pain, then inquire if Evarts were his real name.

"In part," was the reply, followed by the name in full.

But the information only clouded instead of clearing up whatever mystery there was revolving in the mind of the questioner. If he evinced any surprise, he did not explain it, but, in the privacy of his own room, he ciphered distractedly through nearly all of the night upon a knotty problem, which, at first, refused to untwist itself.

By and by, it of a sudden uncoiled, and muttering "solved," Strother threw himself dressed upon his bed for an hour's sleep. His first act in the morning was to pen a hasty missive to his wife, and dispatch a trusty scout as carrier, instead of sending it forward by the slower, and perhaps not as safe mail stage, which would start in that direction only a few hours later.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AGNES.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

Was night already falling? The city clocks had just struck four; yet the room seemed growing dark. She could not see to the opposite window. There was a blur betwixt her and the book of old plays which she held on her lap. All the long-lettered lines mingled indistinguishably together. With a cry, Agnes March started up.

"My God! am I growing blind?"

She pressed her hands to her eyes; she sought to brush away the film which hung betwixt them and outward things. Vain. A great intangible fear, which for weeks had pressed, sleeping and waking, upon her, now took shape and form. With a groan, she fell back in her chair.

Women of Miss March's physique ever love luxury; but the room wherein she sat was plain and simple—the most noticeable thing it held was the portrait of a man, painted in water-colors, hanging above the chimney-piece. She arose presently, and groped her way over to it. So utterly solitary was this girl's life that she had fallen unconsciously into the habit of talking to the picture as a living, sentient thing; it was the confidant of all her secrets, and now, with her hands clinched on the mantel, she looked up at the calm face, limned by herself five years before, and the great terror which of late had come upon her found voice at last.

"Papa," she said, "I think I must be growing blind. Often I cannot see even your dear face. There is something between us—you and I, papa—a film, a darkness which comes upon my eyes in the brightest noonday. It parts me from you, and this thought makes me more miserable than the knowledge that unless something be done for me at once, I shall never be famous—I shall never even walk the stage at all—I shall be taken to some public institution to pass the rest of my days."

The portrait looked down upon her, grave, bearded, sad. It was her own work, as I have said, painted from memory in those weeks of unspeakable sorrow which followed the news of his death. Miss March went to a closet, and brought forth a mourning-hat and shawl.

"It is not at all likely that it will do any good, papa," she murmured; "but I think I will try; I am sure *you* wish me to try, do you not? Good-bye—good-bye till I come back."

She kissed her hand to the senseless portrait, then closed the door of the little room, and descended to the street.

There the fatal blur began to pass from her sight. She saw once more the blue autumn sky betwixt the rows of roofs, the faces of men and women staring after her, some bold, some curious, all admiring. Strangers rarely passed Miss March without turning for a second look. Leaving the quiet, unpretending locality of her home, she set her face toward that part of the city sacred to brown-stone fronts, plate-glass, and elegant window draperies.

She was strong and vigorous as an Englishwoman, and she walked rapidly, with calm breath and unchanging color. There was no voice in earth or heaven to warn her back. The great events of life steal upon most of us like the thief in the night. Agnes March little knew, as she turned from street to street, and from square to square of the old city where her whole lonely life had been passed, with that smiling autumn sky overhead, and that keen-faced New England crowd coming and going about her, that she was rushing straight upon an inexorable doom.

Before a stately South End palace, the finest in all the aristocratic street, she stopped at last. Upon its massive black walnut door was a silver plate, with a name engraved thereon. Miss March read it, letter by letter—"Eric Brandt, Physician and Surgeon."

"This is surely he of whom the whole city talks," she said to herself, then ascended slowly the marble steps and rang the bell.

A black servant opened the door to her. She was shown into a waiting-room filled with people, and furnished with great elegance. She sank into the nearest seat, and drew her veil closer over her face.

Many patients were before her; she must await her turn. Every moment seemed an hour. Men and women went out and others came in.

"What can be the matter with all these people?" thought Miss March, with angry impatience.

How everybody stared at her, veiled though she was! Were they in turn wondering what the handsome girl in mourning could have to do with the famous operator of the city hospitals? The warm air of the place choked and stifled her. To some natures suspense is an unendurable torture; it was such to Miss March. Presently, however, the door opened. The black servant stood on the threshold and beckoned her out. She arose and walked forward into an apartment opening from the elegant waiting-room; a door closed behind her, and she stood alone with Doctor Eric Brandt.

The room itself was a marvel of magnificence. Miss March was an artist, and "good at her art for a woman," 'twas said, and nothing of all the costly blending of color there was lost upon her. She saw at a glance the black Venetian cabinets in the corners, the Old World paintings glimmering on the walls, the scarlet blaze of bloom pushing against the glass door of a conservatory beyond, the buhl, the velvet, and, last of all, Doctor Brandt himself.

He was standing in a window fronting the street. At sound of her step he turned quickly. The two, man and woman, patient and physician, brought thus face to face, stood quite still, and looked at each other.

He saw a woman in deep mourning, warm and luxurious of mould, formed upon that rich plan which is the admiration of gods and men—a woman with a thick, white, colorless skin, against which her lustrous hair looked preternaturally black, and grandly cut eyes, like an Oriental's.

She saw a man of thirty-five, slight, but muscular. His face was like a marble mask under which a god or a devil might lurk—few could tell which. He had eyes of a light hazel color, lustrous as diamonds. Over his smooth, womanish forehead a mass of pale-yellow hair lay without wave or ripple. This was the great surgeon, without pity or sympathy—the man who looked upon the human frame as an ingenious piece of mechanism which it was alike his pleasure and profit to understand—the man with the hand that never faltered, and the pulse that never quickened, who cared no more for quivering nerves and contracting muscles, for groans of anguish and faces convulsed with pain, than for the dead in the dissecting-room awaiting his scalpel. Miss March threw back her veil; she was the first to speak.

"I come," she began, turning a shade paler, "to consult you regarding my eyes. I fear—I greatly fear that I am losing my sight."

He made a gesture for her to advance to the window. His voice when he spoke was full, sonorous, smooth as oil.

"A little nearer the light, if you please. When and how did this trouble begin? Be as exact as possible."

He put out a white, velvety hand, and drew her close up to him. The light poured strong upon her face. She did not flinch. He looked down into her uplifted eyes. Fiesole and his school used to paint such in the faces of their saints and angels—long and wide, like the typical eye of the ancient Egyptians, with a great abundance of white, and a dark, dilating centre, soft as velvet. Through the round, black opening of the pupil, guarded only by a transparent membrane, Doctor Brandt gazed down, far down, to a silvery white point shining there—the nerve of sight spread out in tiny delicate veins over the tissue of the retina.

"Three months ago I first began to study for the stage," she answered, and then proceeded to tell him how the blur and darkness had surprised her suddenly at her work; how ever since, at intervals, they had returned, gaining ground, it seemed, with every fresh attack.

He listened, regarding her the while with singular intensity, and with a slight inflation of his delicate nostrils, the only sign of agitation his face ever expressed.

"You are studying for the stage!" he said, and his voice was full of keen disapprobation. "May I ask your name and address?"

She gave both readily.

"Have you relatives?" he said.

"No."

"Friends?"

"No; I am alone in the world."

She fancied she breathed a little heavily. There was silence for a space.

"Well?" she cried out, sharply. "I can bear anything better than suspense. Let me know the worst."

"I do not consider the case incurable," he replied, slowly; "but it is one which demands absolute rest for an entire year, at least."

Here was a strong, proud face, not easily daunted or dismayed, but it grew a trifle paler at this.

"A year!" she echoed—"a year of rest! That would, indeed, be the death of all my chances of fame and fortune."

He turned from her, and stared out into the twilight street.

"Your danger is imminent," said Doctor Brandt, "and there is no medium course to be pursued in the matter."

She took the consultation-fee from her purse.

"Then," she answered, "I have nothing to do but to bid you good-night."

He wheeled around from the window. His tigerish, hazel eyes blazed full in hers.

"What do you mean by that? Does it, then, hurt you so sorely to abandon a profession which is damnable to all womankind?"

She colored faintly.

"To me the stage means bread," she answered. "I am poor. For years I have lived upon a yearly sum sent me by friends of my dead father. I am tired of charity, however kind."

"You know me, by reputation, at least, or you would not have sought my advice," he said, slowly; "and I know you, by instinct, by intuition—anything you will—but I know you; I seem to have known you always, and I entreat you to listen to me, Miss March; to heed the advice I have given you."

In full retreat across the room, she paused and looked back.

"And is this all?" she asked, despairingly.

"No," he answered, "it is not all; I shall see you again."

She turned the silver knob, and passed out into the waiting-room, still thronged with men and women, and a moment after stood alone on the fast-darkening pavement of the street without.

Homeward! The gas-lights began to flare in her tired eyes; she sees them, as through a glass, darkly. The fatal blur falls again betwixt her and outward things. With difficulty she hastens on to the dull old house which, sometimes in scorn and sometimes in unspeakable sadness of heart, she calls home. There are shabby-genteel boarders there, and a sharp-eyed landlady, but not one of them all ever dares meddle with the ways of that proud, lonely Miss March. She turns aside from the supper room and ascends to her own chamber. She lights a gas-jet, then flies to the portrait above the chimney-piece, uplifting to it her pale, intense face, from which the thick hair falls away like a cloud from a star.

"Papa," she sobs, and her black-robed figure droops heavily against the mantel, "there is no hope for me, none! I feel—I know it! I shall be blind—blind! And, oh! how am I to bear it, papa? How am I to live? Was not my life dreary enough without this new horror? I curse, as I never did before—over and over again to-night, I curse the hand that killed you!"

The look of a Medusa leaped into her face. Women like Miss March make good haters as well as lovers. She stood for a long time gazing fixedly at the picture.

"Would it not be better, papa?" she whispered, as a frightful temptation started up before her, blanching her fine lips, snatching their breath away. "With such a future before me, should I be so much to blame?"

No answer from the placid portrait. She sat down at her window, and with her face pressed to the pane, looked forth upon the night. Far and wide gleamed the city lamps. Over the multitudinous roofs the frosty stars glimmered in the cold blue. But Agnes March saw none of them. With her mourning-hat trailing by its ribbons from her hand, and her mourning-shawl still huddled about her shoulders, she sat on and on for hours, and fought her fierce battle with Apollyon, and lost!

Pale with the exhaustion of the conflict and the consciousness of defeat, she arose at last.

"Farewell, papa," she said to the portrait. "*You* will forgive me, I know. Life has been such an unutterably dreary thing to me since you died!"

She did not, as before, kiss her hand to her treasure, but flung it only a strange, solemn smile, and then put on her hat, and descended a second time to the street. From the shadow of an opposite dwelling a figure stepped forth, and followed in her footsteps as she hastened away; but she did not see it.

The harvest moon was rising in the sky, and its light fell in ghastly streaks along the pavement at her feet. She turned into Cambridge street, and approached the long bridge stretching across the river. She had once lived in this vicinity with her luckless father, before he left her, to mend his ruined fortunes in the gold country of the West.

Back on her heart rushed the memory of that time; her inconsolable grief at parting; the utter anguish which overwhelmed her at news of his murder. With a shiver, Miss March drew her shawl closer about her, and hastened on.

The long bridge stretched away into the distance before her. She stepped upon it without pallor or shrinking—without a single backward look. The river rolled black as ink below. Near by some schooners lay at the tranquil wharves; their masts glimmered faintly in the wan moonlight.

Miss March walked straight on the draw, and there stopped. Clinging with one hand to the railing, she gazed down into the turbid current creeping sluggishly below. Her face was rigid and white with deadly determination. She let her heavy shawl slip like a black cloud from her shoulders down to the planks of the bridge.

"Good-bye!" she called to the pleasant home-lights twinkling everywhere along the river.

At the same moment a step sounded on the draw, a hand seized her arm in a strong, imperative grasp. She was drawn briskly back from the railing.

"Miss March!" said a voice.

She turned and looked up into the pale, mask-like face of the most famous surgeon in the city—Dr. Eric Brandt.

"Come away from this place!" he said, sternly. "What! I thought I saw in your face the soul of a hero. Come instantly! It is only the coward who fears to live."

A hot, red shame leaped into her face, and bowed it forward on her breast. She stood dumb and motionless before him.

"Take my arm, and let me conduct you home," said Doctor Brandt.

His cold, authoritative tone seemed to sting her into life again.

"Why do you interfere with me?" she cried, regarding in angry amaze the tall, cloaked figure, and the pale, fiery-eyed face.

"I interfere with you by the right which any physician has over a patient," he answered. "In the sober daylight of to-morrow you will thank me. Now, come with me. We shall be noticed if we stand here longer; some guardian of the night will be turning this way directly."

"Let me die!" she cried again.

He took her shawl from the draw, and wrapped it carefully about her. His strong, magnetic touch thrilled through her, vaguely.

"You do not know what you say. You are ill. Your hands are like fire," he answered, something almost like tenderness softening his voice.

And still she moaned:

"My life is not worth saving. I tell you I am tired of it. What brought you here to-night to thwart me?"

"My good angel, I think. Come!"

For once Miss March felt overmatched. Silently, irresistibly, he drew her away, past the black shadow of the jail, past the swarming tenement-houses, straight homeward toward the street whose name she had given him a few hours before. She yielded to his dominion readily enough. Her head was in a whirl. The tall dwellings on either side danced in the moonlight before her eyes. The sound of his firm step mingling with her own on the hollow pavement rang like thunder through her ears. A great numbness and exhaustion held her limbs like an evil spell. She struggled to shake it off, but in vain.

"Lean upon me," said the voice of Doctor Brandt; and again, far off, as in a dream, she heard him ask, "Have you a key, or shall I ring?"

Then she saw that they had reached her own door. She withdrew her hand from his arm to search for the key. As she did so, something within her seemed suddenly to give way. The face of the surgeon faded from her sight. Without word or sound, she fell forward, and knew no more.

Death is slow to the few who seek it. Weeks passed. Miss March lay in a darkened chamber, tossing on hot, stifling pillows, talking to shadowy shapes that flitted about her, and to her father's pictured face above the chimney-piece.

"Oh, papa," she would moan, "why do you frown upon me always? Why do you call upon me to avenge you? See how weak—how powerless I am! Last night I went seeking you in your old camp on the North Fork. I saw the spot where you were murdered—your grave, too, under the rock of the lonely canon.

The face of a gray-haired nurse bent over her! then another, pale, with silky, golden hair smoothly laid on the womanish forehead, and brows knitted above tigerish, hazel eyes. She stared at the latter in strange fascination.

"Are you *always* here?" she cried. "Go away. Why do you bear with me so long?"

He smiled down upon her like a god, but did not go.

Convalescence followed. One day, in her quiet chamber, still carefully darkened by the surgeon's orders, Agnes March was lying alone as Dr. Brandt entered. He paused on the threshold to gaze in upon her. Over her white wrapper—over the pillow which softened the horse-hair sofa to her head, flowed the ripples and clusters of her purple-black hair, down, down to the very floor below. Paler than ever she was, and larger and darker than ever in her severe Greek face shone the magnificent eyes, whose failing power no unprofessional observer could have detected. Her exquisite arms, with their draperies falling back, were flung above her head. A book of plays had slipped to the floor beside her. She lay buried in some sad, sad revery.

Doctor Brandt advanced to the sofa, and picked up her book. "I have forbidden you so much as to open this," he said, sternly. "Why do you not obey me?"

"My eyes are growing strong again," she answered. "I was to have had an engagement this winter—do you know that? I may yet be able to make up for the time I have lost."

Leaning against the wall by her side, the surgeon looked down on her.

"You will do nothing of the kind, unless you wish to bring upon yourself the fate I am trying to avert from you."

Something in his tone constrained her to look up for the first time.

"I ought to be very grateful to you," she said. "You seem to have put yourself to so much trouble because of me. Why do people call you pitiless—cruel?"

"Because I am both," he answered.

She let her uplifted arms sink listlessly down to her side.

"I should not have suspected it."

"You do not yet know me. No man ever had an established reputation for a particular quality unless he was guilty of it in some degree. Abandon all further thought of the stage. Years may pass before you are again able to study for it."

"My one talent!" she cried, bitterly. "Oh, my God, how hard this is!"

The passionate anguish of her words seemed to agitate him strangely. He advanced to the couch whereon she lay.

"And will nothing satisfy you but that life of rant and tinsel?" he cried, angrily, breathlessly. "Have you no dreams of home and love like a rational woman? As God hears me, you shall never be an actress! There is another and widely different future for you. Agnes, Agnes, I love you!"

She started up from her pillow. To her dying day would she forget the way he stood and looked at her, with his pale face and fierce, overmastering eyes! The man without pity or sympathy seemed hanging now for very life on the caprice of a girl.

"You love me—*you!*" she repeated, dwelling on each word with slow, astonished emphasis.

"Madly—utterly! Will you marry me?" said Dr. Eric Brandt.

They stood gazing at each other. Which was the paler no eye could tell. But in the thrilling—yea, terrible silence which followed, slowly, surely, the face of the girl drooped downward to her breast. A burning crimson swept her colorless cheek. Her young body, so warm, so rich in mould, swayed almost imperceptibly toward him.

"Agnes!"

As he called her in that wild, importuning voice, she moved forward like a needle to the magnet. He did not attempt to lay so much as a hand upon her, but drawing her nearer and nearer by the might of the great passion aflame in his face, he opened his arms mutely, and she glided into them, and with that yielding grace by which a woman owns her master, sank upon his breast.

There was silence for a space, then Agnes March spoke—

"How came you to think of me—to love *me*—a Bohemian from my birth up! Had you no other patient more worthy of your regard?"

He did not even smile down at the arch, splendid face upturned to his own. He looked stern and pale.

"Has your life, then, been so hard, my darling?" he asked, in a constrained tone.

"Not hard," she answered, "for friends of my father in the West have sent me, since his murder, sums more than sufficient for all my wants—but very sad, very lonely, Eric."

He held her face pressed down into his breast.

"Since you love me—and you do—you do!" he cried, in fierce exultation, "and since you have nobody to consult, and I have nobody, nothing must stand between us—not even time. I will have no delays; they are dangerous."

He was smiling his faint, incomprehensible smile, but there was a look in his eyes, half fear, half mad joy, which she could not fathom. Stirred to the depths of her own fiery heart, she rested in his arms—the arms of the man who had acknowledged himself cruel and pitiless but a few moments before—her master.

"Do you give yourself utterly and entirely to me, Agnes?"

"Utterly and entirely," she faltered.

He bent and sealed her rich mouth with one long, slow, passionate kiss.

They sat quietly down in that mean room to talk of their future. Over her hands his own, velvet-soft, but strong as steel, closed with the conscious grasp of possession.

"I will give you one week longer here," he said, "and only one. Then we must go abroad. I do not wish to see this part of the globe for ten years, at least; not till I have bound you to me indissolubly; not till you have learned to love me so well that angels nor devils can tear us apart."

Fierce, passionate as she was with others, Agnes March felt like wax in the will of this man, so much fiercer, stronger, more passionate than herself. Had Eric Brandt asked her that moment to sink with him to the bottomless pit, she would have done so, unwilling, perhaps, but powerless to resist.

When he had left her in the deepening twilight of this momentous day; when she was alone with the new life of love which had opened so suddenly upon her, she turned in the fulness of her faithful heart to the portrait above the mantel.

"Papa," she began, in a low, awed voice, "have you heard all? He loves me! Is it not strange, papa? He has wealth and genius and fame; all that I have *not*. His presence is like some subtle drug to me. I am in a delirious dream when he is near. I am full of fear and despair when he goes. As he held me to his heart to-night, he did not know that I was praying silently to die that moment. I could not bear to think of ever living another. Oh, papa, if this is love, how terrible it is! You used to tell me, when I was a little child, that like Charles Stuart, I carried misfortune in my face; but, oh, whatever losses await me in the future, pray God his love be not one of them! Better any fate, any torture, any death, no matter how cruel."

Then there was silence in the room for Miss March, with her face bowed forward on the mantel, was sobbing bitterly.

One week from that night she married Doctor Brandt. It was in the dreary evening of a dreary November day. The sky was mournful with gray send. A biting wind swept through the long streets. From the carriage window Agnes March saw the first snow of the season dropping in great ghostly flakes through the gloomy night. She shivered in her magnificent bridal dress, and from the opposite seat Brandt leaned over and drew around her shoulders an opera-cape, all silk and cashmere and swan's-down. His white-gloved hand closed over hers.

"A dubious night for our wedding," he said, and there was a feverish impatience in his air. "Thank Heaven, here is the church, and a crowd about the door. Bah! Agnes, once more, and for the last time before you are mine forever, I ask you, do you, do you love me?"

A tremor went over her from head to foot, as it ever did at the sound of his voice. The satin and lace on her bosom stirred to her quickened breath.

"So well," she answered, in a faint, agitated tone—"so well that I am afraid of my own happiness. I seem to be moving in a dream. Oh, hold me fast. Do not let me awake."

The carriage stopped.

"Perfect love casteth out fear," he said, hurriedly.

The next moment the soft, white snow was blowing in their faces. They had entered the church-porch. People were gazing at them, among others a brown, rough-bearded man, who stood just within the inner door, and stared blankly at the pair as they passed. The place was densely crowded. Half the city, it seemed, had gathered to the marriage of the famous surgeon. Agnes March walked forward to the altar. Behind her veil she could see the hot-house exotics which covered it. Their perfume drifted, deadly sweet, through the nave. A pause, a little expectant hush; then the service began

which made those two, man and maiden, one for evermore.

Softly the snow fell without, and the dark night settled down. Almost as softly on the silence of the church dropped the solemn words, "What God hath joined together." Eric Brandt's eyes were fixed on the face of his bride. His hand held hers like a vise. Over their heads the benediction floated out on the scented air. It was over. She was his wife.

They turned from the altar, and went back along the aisle toward the door. As they approached it, the brown man with the rough beard and rougher dress, still standing agape by the middle entrance, took a step nearer the pair. Heaven only knows why Agnes March should have lifted her downcast lids at this moment, why her eyes should have singled out that one rude figure from all the others there, but so it was. As the two reached the door, the man made as if to lay a hand on the surgeon's arm, but, overawed, recoiled.

"By the Lord!" he cried aloud, "I'm beat if it isn't Colter!"

Doctor Brandt started, swung half round, stared at the speaker an instant, then nodded, and passed on. The man fell back into the crowd. The bridal pair departed through the church-porch, and all was done.

But Agnes? Were the skies falling? Had the earth parted beneath her feet? Her heart for a moment ceased its beating. Rumble, rumble went the wheels over the snowy pavement. They were going home—home to his luxurious house in the aristocratic street near by; and stunned, paralyzed, in a corner of the carriage she crouched, her lips frozen in horor, ready to shriek aloud, yet having no voice, and staring in awful fascination at the man who sat opposite—the husband of a few moments, monstrous in his stony calm.

The carriage turned the corner of the street, and stopped at the door of the elegant house. Doctor Brandt extended his hand to help her alight. Even through her glove he could feel its icy coldness. Like an automaton, she moved on beside him up the broad steps, across his threshold, and into the superb hall, blazing with light, and filled with the servants of his household. She paused there, and flung back the tulle from her face, whiter even than its airy folds.

"Send them away," she gasped, catching his arm for support; "let me speak with you alone."

Without a word he drew her into the drawing-room, glowing with wintry tints of crimson and gold, closed the heavy black-walnut door, and leaned his back against it, facing her.

"Am I going mad, do you think?" was her first question, wildly put, with her hands clasping her head.

"I trust not; I think not," answered Doctor Eric Brandt.

A two-edged sword seemed driving through her heart. Perhaps it was the intolerable pain she had suffered which made her words so sharp and fierce.

"Who was that man?" she demanded.

"What man?" he answered, as if striving to hold at bay for a moment, at least, the crisis which he saw approaching.

"The man who spoke to you there in the church door."

"His name is Carraby."

She confronted him like a ghost, her bridal garments trailing around her, a dire look on her tragic face.

"Why did he call you *Colter?*" she demanded."

He was pulling the gloves slowly from his delicate hands. The light of the elegant room shone full on his handsome figure, and on the pale, mask-like face, which grew paler and paler under her stony gaze.

"He knew me by that name," he answered, "at a period of my life so bad, so wild, that the proud old stock from which I came disowned me for a time. It was then that I assumed it."

"Where—when were you called Colter?" she urged.

"Six years ago, in the far West, Agnes."

A sharp cry escaped her lips. She clasped her hands upon her heart a moment, then let them fall powerless by her side.

"Six years ago, in the far West," repeated Agnes Brandt; "in a camp on the North Fork, where you killed a miner named March, the father to whom I owe my being; and now you stand before me here, my husband and his murderer!"

He did not stir; he did not speak.

"Eric!" she cried, in dire anguish, holding out to him her wild white arms. "No, no! it cannot be! Tell me I am mad—dreaming! Tell me it is not so! Oh, for the love of Heaven, tell me that you are not that man!"

She was down at his feet, twining around him her white arms, uplifting to him her face, stricken, overwhelmed, the orange flowers crushed in the loose, rich hair which poured over her shoulders and bosom.

"Eric! Eric! Eric!"

He did not so much as touch her, but dragged his face aside, that he might not see her as she knelt.

"It is true," he answered, in the mechanical way in which he had before spoken; "I am that man."

With a shriek which might have rent the roof, she leaped to her feet. Over her face swept a fierce change. She confronted him like a pantheress.

"Did you know me when I came to you that night?—did you know that I was *his* child?"

"I knew it," said Doctor Brandt, as if the words were torn from him, and still keeping his eyes cast down, "from a portrait which he carried always, and which I often saw, and from the talks—the many talks which he had with me regarding you."

"And it was you who sent me the money by which I have lived since that time?"

"It was I!"

"With the same hand that killed him you have fed me year after year. Why did you bring me to this? How dared you ask me to love you? How dared you marry me? Oh, great God! why was no one sent to warn me that this was the man whom I have cursed for years—whom, sleeping and waking, I have prayed Heaven to avenge me upon? Could you not meet me on equal ground? Could not the murder of the father content you? Must you also destroy the child? It was worthy of you, truly! Was it for this you kept me from the death I sought that night in the river? Death! Oh, God! what is death compared with such agony as this!"

Words cannot tell the horror, the wrath, the anguish that mingled in her voice. And still he did not speak, only stood like one who could neither palliate nor deny anything, his head bent forward, his deadly white face as expressionless as stone. Years after, by night and by day, she could see him standing thus, with the light falling on his dumb, motionless figure and pale-golden hair.

"Why do you not speak?" she cried, wildly.

In a voice changed beyond recognition, he answered her—

"Because you would believe no explanation which I could make, Agnes—at least, not now. I have but one word to say, and that is, *Forgive!*"

"Never! never!" she cried. "By the love I bore him, by that which he bore me, never! Let me go; I cannot breathe the same air with you. Move back from that door. My father's blood is between us! I would rather die than ever look upon you more!"

He moved as she bade him, slowly, mechanically.

"Agnes! Agnes!"

She repelled him with a gesture, then snatched from her hair orange flowers and bridal-veil, and crushing them under her feet, turned and fled out into the hall beyond.

"Agnes! Agnes!"

She did not turn or stop. She tore back the door, rushed—a wild, white spectre of a woman—from under that roof, as from a place accursed, into the cold, dark wintry street. Fortunately the pavement was quite deserted. She fled along it blindly, her

[illegible] year from [illegible]

crowd had assembled. Lights blazed, faces flattered, tier upon tier of lovely women dazzled the sight. The inflammable Cubans, too, and all the foreign residents, had flocked thither in force to pay their tribute of admiration to a young American actress of great talent and surprising beauty—a star of the first magnitude in the dramatic sky.

How lovely she was, as, sweeping out upon the stage, with all the lights shining, as if solely to illumine her beauty, she bowed to the applauding house! She was a brunette of the palest type, with great desolate eyes, and a warm, luxurious figure. Yet her face was full of unspeakable sadness. One felt instinctively as they looked at her that this woman had a history.

The evening was drawing to a close. The tumultuous applause of the audience had brought her, pale and smiling, before the curtain. Was it joy for her to see the adoration in that sea of passionate Southern faces, all turned upon herself? She did not look particularly joyous. Even her smile was as cold as snow.

As she stood with the fluttering, impalpable laces of her splendid stage-dress trailing like hoar-frost around her, a tiny tongue of fire, blown from one of the flaring lights below, shot into that maze of filmy draperies, and the next moment the beautiful favorite was sheeted in fire.

"*Dios! Dios!*"

The cry pealed wildly to the roof; but, swift as lightning, a man leaped from a box near at hand upon the stage—a tall figure, with pale-golden hair, and a face like a marble mask.

For an instant he stood in the blood-red flame, fully revealed to all eyes. They heard one cry from his lips, one word of intense, yearning agony—a woman's name—and then he had flung his Spanish cloak around her; he was tearing with bare hands her smoking garments away; he was sucking in the hot fire with every breath, and, as if in rage at being so baffled, it fastened its red teeth upon him, and, fanned by the drafts that swept the house, wrapped him instantly from head to heel.

"*Dios! Dios!*"

They sprang upon the stage; they snatched him away, smothering the fatal flame, and one man, an American, brown and bearded, pushed aside the others to take him in his own arms.

"Let me come to him," he cried. "Stand back; he is my countryman, and we have been friends these many years by field and flood. As to this actress, she is his wife. Look to her, some of you; she has fainted."

They carried him to his hotel, where in a cool, dark court a fountain was bubbling, and palm and orange-trees whispering to the stars as gayly as if no human sorrows darkened the world. Thither a woman, white, tragic, unmindful of her own wounds, followed, and cast herself down beside the couch whereon he lay.

"Eric!" she cried, "Eric, my love! my love!"

There was no motion, no answer.

"He does not hear you," said the surgeon in attendance; "he is quite unconscious; he cannot live an hour."

A man came round the bed and paused beside the kneeling tragedy-queen, brown of face and rough of look—the one whom she had seen in the church on her wedding-night, the one whom Doctor Brandt had called Carraby.

"I've somewhat to say to you, madame," he began, laying his hand on the shuddering shoulder of the girl; "I've heard the story of this man. I was on the North Fork in camp with him and that other—March, your father. It's about him I'd like to speak. Brandt would have died sooner than have told you; but you're not so dainty but what you shall hear the truth from *me!* He came out there you see, under the name of Colter—a wild young blade enough, but honor to the core; and March—curse him! a bad lot he was, any way. Well, we three were working a claim together; and one day we fell on luck in the shape of some nuggets, the like of which no man of us had ever seen before. There wasn't a better workman in the mines than Colter, slender and high-bred as he was. Our camp was in a gulch, lonesome like, and miles away from another. We took our luck to bed with us, and lay down to sleep on it—and a happy lot we were, for 'twas our first streak, you see. About midnight something awoke me—a rush, a tumble, somebody tearing past—the crack of a Derringer, and I leaped up and ran outside, and there stood Colter, with his pistol still smoking in his hand.

"'I've shot him!" said he.

"'Who?' said I.

"'I don't know,' said he, for he seemed confused with sleep; 'but somebody has made off with our luck.'

"Then we both ran out, and, a rod or two from the door, found March lying, face downward, clutching in one hand the bag of nuggets. While we two slept, the thief had started to sneak off with them all; and, as God hears me, Colter nor I didn't so much as suspect 'twas he till we turned him over, and struck a light, and saw his Judas face convulsed and dead. Well, it didn't go to affect me much, ma'am, for March was no favorite of mine; I'd seen too many of his mean ways; but Colter was powerfully cast down.

"'He's got a little girl at home,' said he; 'and he was fond of her, and he's shown me her little letters, and she idolized him—and for that child's sake, I wish to God it hadn't been.'

"So what do we do but send off the whole luck to her, every farthing, and Colter's bottom dollar with it; and says he, 'I shall settle a sum on her, to be sent from this place every year;' and as for telling you about the shooting matter, or how your father lost his life, he'd have cut his tongue out sooner; but it sickened him of the mines. He went back to the East, to his own people, and they were of the richest and proudest, I heard, and I never saw him again until that night of his wedding."

A shriek—a wild, awful shriek, rang through the room, as Agnes March cast herself upon the unconscious body of the dying man.

"Eric," she cried, "forgive me—forgive me! Oh, my love, my lord, my life! speak to me once more!" But her voice fell on a dull, unheeding ear. "Eric, take me with you—let me die with you!" she prayed.

Silence, silence; he answered nothing. The wonderful pale face, which had escaped disfigurement, shone in the light, but the eyes thereof were closed. It was too late now for penitence or tears. Without, the fountain babbled on in the court, and the palm-trees whispered, and a midnight moon peered in at the old Moorish casement, to see a woman, who would never on this earth know peace or joy again, crouching in a heap beside the body of a man lying there, speechless, and cold, and dead.—*Leslie's Lady's Magazine.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Alexis is flirting with the slant-eyed japanese girls.

☞ Kansas hanging committees and "string bands" are synonymous.

☞ A Minnesota genius has invented a machine to darn stockings.

☞ An Iowa lady is paying an election bet by kissing the winner once a month.

☞ A Missouri girl recently anointed the head of her faithless lover with hot glue.

☞ Buzz-saw item—Henry Stanaker of Palestine, Texas. In his life he was lovely, and in his death he was divided.

☞ The little Augusta boy who left a handful of tacks in his father's arm-chair is of the opinion that while alum curd will do for sore eyes, it will not remove the remorse which burns in the fiery track of the parental slipper. He is now an inmate of the family hospital.

☞ An Indiana editor hires a band to serenade him twice a week, and he responds by a column of thanks next day.

☞ A Chicago tailor encourages precipitate matrimonial overtures by offering to furnish wedding outfits at 10 per cent. discount if ordered before the 1st of March.

☞ "We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us," moaned an old lady.

☞ Mush and milk festivals are taking the place of church fairs, &c., at Waukegan, Ill., and other towns throughout the State.

☞ A New Hampshire clergyman, who was asked his price by a young man whom he had just married, replied that the law gave him $3. The youth promptly handed out fifty cents, remarking: "Well, that will make up $2 50 for you," and before the astonished man could explain matters he was off with his bride on his honeymoon.

☞ A prudent New Jersey woman who hasn't left the house all winter for fear of slipping on the ice and hurting herself, fell down her own stairs and broke her leg last week.

☞ A Connecticut newspaper solemnly asserts that a Danbury man fractured the ceiling just above a chair, in which there had been placed a burning hot poker.

☞ Wine from the cellar of the late Louis Napoleon is selling in London at two guineas a bottle.

☞ A new railway company in Maine has inconsistently cut down two wakes of timber to make sleepers for its road.

☞ Kansas is proud of the precocity of a new town called Sargent, which, though barely a fortnight old, has sent to market more than 8 000 buffalo hides, and had three murders committed within its limits.

☞ An Oil City boy, one of that class of urchins who seem sent upon the earth for the sole purpose of bringing pious grown-up people to a recollection of the fact that this world is not their home, recently put some nitro-glycerine in his sister's bustle when she was going out skating.

☞ Vassar College students utilize their hooks and eyes by drawing bologna sausages from the ground up to the third story windows with them.

☞ A brass band is laboring in Pawtucket, R. I., and the price of real estate has gone as low as the mercury in the thermometer.

☞ There are two hundred bones in the human body. An end-man in a negro minstrel troupe has sometimes two hundred and four.

☞ They claim to have a man in the Alabama Legislature whose eloquence is like liquid gold. Legislators, usually, prefer it solid.

☞ A Virginia paper describes a fence which is made of such crooked rails that every time a pig crawls through he comes out on the same side.

☞ A youth, in accoutrements that indicated his country origin, passing down Chestnut street one afternoon last week, saw a handsomely embellished specimen truss hanging in a show window, and suspended from it a tag with this legend: "Patent Rupture Truss—none like it." "Well," said Rusticus, eyeing it with suspicious looks, and edging away, apprehensively, "I shouldn't think they would like it."

☞ Since Napoleon's death, country physicians are growing crazy over the cases of embyolism developed throughout the land. Last week, in Ohio, a young lady died from what a roundheaded old doctor said was "heart klot or embyolism of the main flus of the heart," but she revived in an hour, and it was found had been temporarily choked by a chew of gum which she had swallowed.

☞ Brigham Young's one hundred and seventeen children have been learning to sing "Father, dear father, come home," one singing the solo while the other one hundred and sixteen join in the chorus, until each has successively given a tug at their father's domestic affections. The chorus tears Brigham's tender vitals to shreds.—*Phila Bulletin.*

☞ An Oregon paper says: "Everything promises splendidly for a brisk spring trade. Nine new saloons are going up, and two loads of beautiful frizzled-haired bar-tenders are expected next week from Frisco, which will set things moving in town."

☞ An Iowa boarding-house keeper, who lives near a glue factory, makes a very luscious article of jelly-cake by taking cold buckwheat cakes and piling them up with alternate layers of glue. A neat top-dressing of pulverized chalk sets them off, and the boarders' mouths water until they bite into the deceptive structure.

☞ A noble Swedish spinster proclaims her desire to find Dr. Livingstone some more, which will doubtless cause that intrepid traveller incontinently to go and lose himself again in the most impenetrable jungles at command.

☞ Swift said the reason a certain university was a learned place was, that most persons took some learning there, and few brought any away with them—so it accumulated.

☞ When you write for publication make proper names as plain as you can. Don't make letters that will puzzle printers as to whether they are u's or n's, e or i, g or y, m or w.

☞ An old powder-horn, lavishly ornamented, and inscribed with the words "Black Hawk, 1820," has been found near Bloomington.

☞ A young man of Watertown, Wis., thought it was all nonsense to carry his powder in a flask, and, instead, he carried it loose in his coat pocket. On one side behind he isn't so heavy as he is on the other by about three pounds, and he had to get an entire new suit of clothes.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

☞ A farmer's wife in Dakota thoughtlessly used a bundle of old letters to stuff up the cracks of their cabin, and the farmer is now in search of the writer of them with a shot gun.

☞ The following notice was posted in one of the depots of the Boston and Albany Railroad one day last week: "I want a fir maid. Operator." It was found on investigation that the fire was "out" in the telegraph office, and the operator wanted it rekindled.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Republic in Spain.—The abdication of King Amadeus, according to Gen. Sickles's despatch, has been promptly followed by the proclamation of a Republican form of Government for Spain, by the Cortes. The movement was sustained by an overwhelming majority of the members—250 to 32—and from this it might be inferred that the feeling of the nation was nearly unanimous on the subject, but a little reflection will show that there was no other alternative (except anarchy) than the recall of Don Carlos, Alphonso, or his mother, the ex-Queen, Isabella. There is no one political party in Spain strong enough of itself to control the country, and it has been only by a fusion of several parties, or by playing them off one against another, that Amadeus and his several ministries have been able to stand their ground, even for so short a time as two years and six weeks. The Carlists can only gain the throne by a bloody civil war, similar to that which desolated Spain thirty-five years ago, and their success would be the signal for the restoration of all that was vile under the Bourbon *regime*, the mere thought of which must make every honorable Spaniard shudder. Such a state of things would be almost as bad as anarchy.

But if a high-minded, well intentioned man like Amadeus failed in gaining the affections of the Spanish people, it is not likely that personages of the stamp of the descendants of Ferdinand VII. or of Don Carlos will. It is to be feared that a long struggle of factions is in store for Spain, perhaps civil war and anarchy, which must greatly impoverish that unfortunate country. Republics cannot be established in a day, though they may be proclaimed in an hour. It is not enough to have got rid of a king; there must be an intelligent leader to conduct public affairs until the needful constitution shall have been framed. France has been fortunate enough to find such a man in Thiers, but Spain has no one who, like him, possesses the general confidence of the nation. The mere mention of Serrano as the man is a proof of this. Yet there are, undoubtedly, men of patriotism, eloquence, and generous aspirations among the Spanish statesmen, such as Castellar, Martos, Zorilla, Gomez, Echegaray, Artime and Figueras, but whether they possess or any of them possesses the qualities of Thiers, to extricate the nation from its difficulties, is doubtful; the future only will show.

Ex-Governor John W. Geary, of Pennsylvania, died very suddenly at his residence in Harrisburg, on Saturday morning, Feb 8, in the 54th year of his age. His funeral took place on Thursday, Feb. 13.

The epizooty is in Nevada, and spreading southward.

☞ A boy who was told he should always try to cheer the aged, tried "three times three and a tiger" on his grandmother, the other morning, and the old lady was so startled that she spilled a box full of snuff on him. He looks upon the beauties of nature with his left eye now.

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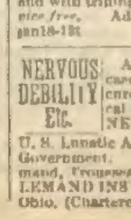
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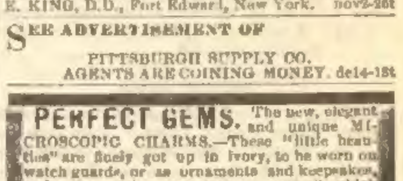

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Utter blindness to the waving of handkerchiefs, shawls and umbrellas by unprotected females, who wish to interfere with the driver's enjoyment by stopping the car.

Carrying people, especially ladies, two or three blocks beyond where they wish to stop, upon such pretences as "Ha'n't got round the curve;" "Balky hoss;" "Can't stop till we git up the hill."

Trials of skill in the art of profane swearing, with teamsters and others, on the occasion of a "block" or collision. This is particularly pleasant when the car is well filled with ladies and the front door is open.

Dexterously deluding as many passengers as possible upon the front platform, and then suddenly dashing the brake handle into the stoutest man's stomach, accompanied with the remark, "Gimme room to manage this here brake, will ye?"

A pleasant little game for the conductor, when hailed by a person from the street, is to say, "Next car," indicating one a quarter of a mile in the rear, and then pay no further attention to the victim.

If a party wishing to ride is quick enough on his legs to overtake your car and jump on while in motion, stop it just as he reaches the platform, and then start suddenly. This will plunge him wildly about among the other passengers, and show your own "smartness."

Pretend to be engaged in conversation, or counting your tickets, when any passenger in your car wishes to alight, until they reach up to pull the strap themselves. Then jerk it out of their hands, and look at them savagely for a minute before stopping the car. This is a specially pleasant pastime if the passenger is a lady, and vindicates the right of the conductor to manage his own car.

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"I have been sendin' my darter Nancy to skool, and last Friday I went over to the skool to see how she was gettin' along, and I seed things I didn't like by no means. The skool-master was larnin' her things entirely out of the line of eddycation, and, as I think, improper. I set a while in the skool-house, an' heered one class say their lesson. The lesson that Nancy sed was nuthin' but the foolishest kind of talk; the rediclist word she sed was 'I love.' I looked right at her for bein' so improper, but she went right on and sed, 'Thou lovest, and he loves.' And I reckon you never heered such rigmarole in your life—love, love, love, and nuthin' but love. She sed one time, 'I did love.' Sez I, 'Who did you love?' The skolars laffed, but I wasn't to be put off, and sed, 'Who did you love, Nancy?' The skool-master sed he would explain when Nancy had finished the lesson. This sorter pacyfied me, and Nancy went on with her awful love talk. It got wus and wus every word. She said, 'I might, could, or would love.' I stopped her again, and sed I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The skool-master tried to interfere, but I would not let him say a word. He sed I was a fool, and I nokt him down, and made him holler in short order. I talkt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show how hede larn my darter grammar. I got the nabors together, and we sent him off in a hurry, and I reckon thar'l be no more grammar teachin' in these parts soon."

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Max Adeler says: "A young man writes to us as follows:

"'What are human brains composed of; Do they really contain phosphorus, and is there anything a man can eat to make them more active?'

"The brain is composed of seventy-five and a half parts of water, seven parts of albuminous matter, six parts of salts, and eleven and a half parts of fat—that is, generally. Some brains differ. Yours, we imagine, is chiefly constructed of fat. We should judge that it contained about six thousand parts of fat to three or four of the other things. There is no remedy for this excess, that we know of, but to hold your head in some warm place, like an oven or a blast furnace, and permit the brain gradually to melt. It may destroy the brain to do this, but we cannot perceive that you will be worse off without brains than with the kind you have. Any change, in your case, will be for the better. We charge nothing for this advice. We give it freely, because we sympathize with you. A fellow-creature who has six thousand parts of fat in his brain is entitled to Christian compassion. We feel as if we could loan such a man money, if we had any that was of no use to us."—*Sunday Dispatch.*

FRENCH ROOFS.

We have felt rather kindly toward French roofs since Friday night. Two cats got on Mr. Welland's that evening. They were cats that evidently never saw a French roof before, but they were not timid. They humped themselves without a moment's pause, sounded the battle-cry, and went to work. For two minutes there was a great deal of pulling around, and howling, but it was a French roof, it was new ground, and before they were fairly aware of it, they were off the roof and going toward the earth at lightning velocity, pawing out into the air for something to get hold of, spitting and crying and swearing and beseeching and sobbing with their hearts full of agony and their mouths full of fur all the way down to the ground, where they arrived in a condition to afford nourishment to Mr. Welland's grape-vines.—*Danbury News.*

AN INDIGNANT PEDDLER.

I met a peddler in Norfolk.
Says I, "What you got?"
Says he, "Salve to cure irruptions."
Says I, "Will it cure all kinds of irruptions?"
Says he, "Yes."
Says I, "Why don't you go to Naples?"
Says he, "What for?"
Says I, "There's somebody there who will give you a thundering big contract."
Says he, "Who?"
Says I, "Mr. Suvius."
Says he, "Who?"
Says I, "V. Suvius—M. T. Vesuvius."

He was excessively indignant, and he drove off with his team. I guess it was a spanking team, for he had to spank 'em a good deal to get 'em to go.

MARK TWAIN publishes a card in the Hartford papers explaining the arrangements for his lecture in aid of the poor, and he makes these statements as to the terms of admission: "Lucca charges $4 a ticket, and so my first idea was to put our tickets at $4 too, and run opposition. But friends said no, there was a difference—Lucca sings. I said, very well, I would sing too. But they still objected, and said that a mere disturbance was not singing. So I have come down to a dollar, but I do it with reluctance."

☞ There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed.

EMMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If sometimes in thy lonely hours
Thy thoughts may wander o'er the past,
And bring thee dreams of faded flowers,
And scenes that were too fair to last;—
Then, when those memories shall rise,
Of hours forever ceased to be,
The tears may dim those gentle eyes,
And thou mayst think, at last—of me.

It was no light, ephemeral love,
I gave thee, in the hours gone by;
Wherever fate may bid me rove,
It will not cease—it cannot die;
Like to remembered music, still
It haunts me, with a deathless spell—
Why should my heart be doomed to thrill
With pain, because it loved too well?

Oh, but those orange flowers were fair!
What dreams of hope they bade to rise,
When first, amid thy flowing hair,
Their pale white splendor charmed my eyes.
Withered and faded, dry and sere,
In dust now lies each perished spray;
Alas! like to these, my hopes so dear
Have faded from my soul away.

'Tis midnight,—o'er the landscape dim,
The stars are in the azure deep;
The night breeze sings its mournful hymn,
And all, save me, lie hushed in sleep.
Oh, would that I might also rest,—
No more on earth again to wake,—
Where souls no longer are oppress,
And hearts no more can break, and break.

FRANK.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Yes, yes, I don't wonder you are eager to go, and I don't blame you, child," said Mrs. Gresham, as she laid aside the little dress she was patching and crossed the room to where her niece was standing.

"But I thought, Aunt Mary, from the way you spoke you objected," said the girl, with a shade of anxiety in her voice.

"Objected! I have no right to object, Nellie; she is your mother's cousin, and if she wishes you to visit her there is no reason why you should not go, except—" and the speaker threw a weary glance around the shabby little room in which they stood, "except that after a visit to Mrs. Dallis, and a glimpse of the world in which she lives, you will feel bitterly the coming back to poverty and a country parsonage.

"Then you think I may accept the invitation?" Nellie questioned, with a brightening face. "You think I may go?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. Fortunately your black silk is almost new, but what have you besides that?"

"My gray poplin, and since my blue merino was turned it looks very well. Isn't it delightful, Aunt Mary, a whole month in Fairy Land? No Dorcas societies, no poor people with endless stories—no children to be taken care of. Oh, I forgot! How *will* you get along without me, auntie? How will you *ever* manage all those children?" and the girl's face clouded again as she thought of her four little cousins, the eldest of whom was hardly more than a baby.

"Very well, it is only for a month, you know. You are to leave to-morrow, so you had better begin your packing this evening. Yes, Robbie, mother's coming!" and Mrs. Gresham's weary feet turned in the direction of the howling which warned her that one of the children had come to grief. And the girl she left stood dreaming over her coming visit until the last faint sunbeam quivering on the white wall reminded her of the thousand duties she should have performed instead of filling the time with idle dreaming.

It was a very bright face that was looking at its reflection in one of Mrs. Dallis's pier-glasses a day or two after this—a face framed with rippling brown hair, and lighted by a pair of eyes as blue as violets.

"Yes, I never, never saw such a lovely old place!" said the young lady, speaking softly to herself as she turned from the glass. "And Cousin Martha is very kind, and George is splendid! Every one is nice except Edith Murray. I can't imagine why she should dislike me, but she evidently does."

It was strange, for one would have thought that Edith Murray with her pale, cold beauty would have considered it a waste of time to bestow a thought upon Nellie Gresham, the niece of a country parson.

Apparently Miss Murray's dislike caused Nellie no particular uneasiness, for in another minute she was tripping along the hall with her face dimpled with smiles.

Out in the garden she wandered along, now and then stopping to pick a rose or to speak to her Cousin George's dog, which had attached itself to her on her arrival a few days since. On the whole it was pleasanter out-of-doors than in the splendid drawing-rooms, for Edith's eyes seemed to follow her every movement, and Edith's ear drink in the most trifling word she uttered. Yes it was certainly far pleasanter to be out among the rose-bushes, to walk with George Dallis and hear him call her "Cousin Nell."

Years after this, she looked back and wondered why it was the sky seemed bluer, the sunshine brighter, and the roses redder then than ever afterward.

To-day he met her out under the trees, and kept her there talking until the gong called them into dinner, but even in the house he stood by her, laughing and jesting, until she forgot to wonder why it was Edith Murray watched her so keenly.

"Time passes so quickly in your mother's house! Do you know the end of my visit has almost come?" she asked him one day, as they were walking through the park together.

"The end! I had forgotten it *would* end—your visit, I mean." He said the first words as though speaking to himself, the latter were added in answer to a glance, half-wondering, half questioning, flashed upon him by the blue eyes.

"Yes, my month is almost over, and I'm afraid Aunt Mary is in need of me now."

"We will not let you go. *I* will not." The last words were little more than a whisper.

"Oh, but I shall not ask your permission, sir?" she said, trying to speak lightly, but not daring to raise her eyes.

"At least, you are not going before mother gives the grand ball she has been talking of for ages?" he said, after a pause.

"Oh, no! That comes off next week. Think of it. I never have been to a party. Except, of course, the fetes I used to give my dolls, where acorn cups were the dishes, and the refreshments blackberries!"

"Blackberries, ahem! I think a few such revels would undermine any fellow's constitution for life!" he said, and Nellie's laugh mingled with his not because the remark was particularly amusing, but because it was a relief to cease speaking of her returning home.

After the laugh died away there came a deep silence only broken by the crackle of the dead leaves beneath their feet or the rustle of a bird in the copse.

Parting in the hall he touched a pale tea-rose which she held, and as he did so, whispered, "Give it to me, dear, in memoriam," as she placed it in his hand, their fingers met and were clasped together for a moment; then she pulled away her hand, and fled to her room with beating heart and crimson cheeks.

"Why, my dear, how very nicely you look!" said good-natured Mrs. Dallis as Nellie came to be admired before descending to the ball-room. "How nicely Celeste altered that dress for you," she continued, settling the folds of the India muslin which she had lent her little cousin for the evening.

"Doesn't she look pretty, Edith?" she said, turning to Miss Murray, who entered at that moment.

"Very," was the short response. "Suppose we go down-stairs, aunt; people are beginning to come."

To Nellie it seemed like veritable fairy land. The lights, the music, the handsome dresses, the sea of faces, appeared like a picture called up by magic, and for a moment she hardly dared to breathe lest it should vanish like frost-wreaths on a window-pane before the admiring touches of children's warm, rosy hands.

But she soon found thorns among her roses. George did not come near her, except to bring up some one who wished to be introduced, and he was afterward Edith's constant attendant. And almost unconsciously the scene began to lose its beauty, and the thorns prick very hard.

People were beginning to leave, when she found herself standing near Edith Murray.

"I am tired of this, Miss Gresham; no one will miss us. Suppose we go out on the portico and rest awhile?"

Before Nellie could reply, Miss Murray's white hands linked themselves over her arm, and together they left the room.

After a few common-places upon the weather, the stars, and such like, Edith turned suddenly, and said:

"Miss Gresham, I'm to be married next month; will you be one of my bridesmaids?"

"Thank you, but I return home week after next," replied Nellie; and then she began to wonder afresh why George had seemed to shun her since that day he had asked for the rose "*in memoriam*"—of what? Miss Murray's carefully-modulated voice still murmured in her ear, but she scarcely noticed it until she heard the words, "George joins me in asking you."

"George? George Dallis?" she questioned, her heart beating quicker at the mere sound of his name. Then the thorns pricked harder. "Why had he not asked her himself?" she thought.

"It has been settled for ages—in a will made years ago—that George and I are to marry," resumed Edith, looking at the girl's face, on which the light from the open window streamed.

"That you and—George are to marry," repeated Nellie, mechanically. The thorns pricked no longer, they were tearing out her heart.

"Yes, George and I. Did you never hear of it before?"

"No. I do not think I did." Nellie heard a voice reply—not her own, surely? *Her* voice was making its death moan within her.

"Strange! But to the point: will you not stay until the wedding is over? George is quite fond of you, and would be really pleased to have you stay."

How those gray eyes were looking at her! Had they read her secret? And back she crouched in the shadow of a pillar; if she must bleed, it should not be before Edith Murray's eyes.

At last it was over, and she stood alone in her room—stunned and numb, conscious but of one thing—a feeling of mournful pity for the Nellie who had died that night, amid music and flowers, with no one to weep for her.

It was a drear gray afternoon that Nellie walked up the little village street, after her month's absence. At the parsonage gate she paused blinded with tears, for with the sight of her home there came a host of memories, and standing there, under the white October sky, with the wind sobbing in her ears and the dead leaves floating around her, she buried a page of her life's history—laying it deep, out of sight—not so deep that there did not, at times, rise a faint sweet memory like the perfume of faded roses or violets pressed in a prayer-book. A memory? Yes, the old refrain of the German maiden's song—"*Ich liebe ungeliebt.*"

M. A. DOUGLASS.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

To express the precise nature of the difference between American and English ladies is extremely hard—it is something too subtile to be presented by any combination of epithets. You are sensible of a sort of charm which is wanting here; you miss another charm which is presented there: you do not know which is more to be desired, but you doubt the possibility of combining them. American girls are certainly more independent than ours are; more accustomed to take care of themselves, think for themselves, decide for themselves; not less really domestic in their hearts, but less tied to their mothers' apron-strings; frank in their speech, and more ready to tell you about themselves, their circumstances, their families. There is a kind of French *verve* and force about them, but there is also a Teutonic truthfulness. Then there is a nimbleness and versatility of mind, as well as a self-possession of manner, which puts a stranger at his ease from the first. Where an English girl throws the weight of the conversation on her partner, an American girl takes it up, draws him out, perhaps chaffs him in a genial fashion, and expresses her opinion freely on all topics that turn up. English ladies of the old school would be apt to disapprove of her on slight acquaintance. But when they come to know her better, they would perceive that she is, in essential matters, decorous as well as refined. American ladies, who have mixed in fashionable society in London, may often be heard to say that they are astonished at the quantity of scandal they hear talked there; and it is certainly true that one hears very little in America. In such places as New York and Chicago, there are, of course, fast sets, just as there are in London and Liverpool. But in point of purity and real moral elevation the best society in America is possibly superior, and at any rate equal, to that of our own upper classes; while the American middle class is certainly more cultivated, more interested in the "things of the mind," than the commercial class in England.

Looking at the matter simply as a question of human enjoyment, the success of the American system may be pronounced complete. It makes a staid middle-aged man long to have his youth to live over again, to see the bright, cheery, hearty, simple ways of the young people whom he meets straying on the sands of Newport, or picnicking beside the water-falls of the White Mountains, safe in their own innocence, meeting one another on the natural footing of human creatures, without affectations of innuendo on the one side, or prudery on the other. Little overtures and coquetries there may sometimes be, but it is all, as the attorneys say, "without prejudice." Such pleasure in the society of people of one's own age, which no moralist can deny to be one of the most legitimate sources of enjoyment, is in England a good deal cramped by the restrictions which custom has imposed, and a good deal clouded by the idea, so often presented to the English youth, of cousins gossipping and parents inquiring into what the jargon of society calls "intentions." A man may walk with so much wariness or so much honest simplicity as to avoid this last horror; but no prudence will prevent any interest which he shows in a lady, or which a lady shows in him (though in this latter case the inference is really rather the other way), from becoming the theme of talk among acquaintances, and, however heartily he may despise it for himself, he feels it acutely for the other party, whom it may injure in more ways than one. Nothing is commoner than for the friendship of two people—a simple and natural friendship, which gives them pleasure while it lasts, and might possibly ripen into something better still—to be interrupted by the idle gossip of outsiders, which, coming to their ears, causes one or both to break off the intimacy, lest any misunderstanding should arise. It may be foolish of them—very likely it is, for gossip is one of those things which people should learn to despise—but there is nothing a sensitive mind dreads more than the imputation of exposing another person to blame and misconstruction, still more of wounding her feelings. Now, in America, people do not talk in this fashion about their neighbors; or, if they do, nobody need regard them. Everything passes as a matter of course under the blessed name of friendship.—"*On some Peculiarities of Society in America,*" *in Cornhill.*

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

Host (really in agony about his polished inlaid floor). "Hadn't you better come on the carpet, old fellow? I'm so afraid you might slip, you know."
Guest. "Oh, it's all right, old fellow—thanks! There's a nail at the end, you know!"

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces *double rates* on the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

C. R. (Pedricktown, N. J.,) says: "I would like you to answer a few questions: 1st. Who was the father of Melchisedec? 2d. What is a legion? 3d. What is the name of the first newspaper published in the United States, and where? 5th. Does General Grant hold his commission as General of the army, and what position does General Sherman hold? 6th. Has Captain Hall's expedition been heard of since it started? 6th. Is my writing 50 per cent?" 1st. If the Bible account does not satisfy you, what possible means can we have of knowing? The name is not known out of the Scriptures. 3d. A division of the Roman army, whose maximum strength was 6000 men. 3d. The Boston News Letter. The first number was dated April 24th, 1704. It was printed on a half sheet of paper 12 by 8 inches. 4th. General Sherman succeeded Grant as General on March 4th, 1869. 5th. It was spoken by a vessel off the coast of Greenland, shortly after starting. 6th. Hardly.

SCIENCE, (Crestline, Ohio,) asks: "Will you please inform me what journal or other publication published in the United States is devoted most to astronomical matters or contains the most information in regard to that science?" We do not know any that makes a specialty of that science. The "American Journal of Science and Art," or the "Popular Science Monthly" might answer your purpose.

S. R., (Monroe, Tenn.,) writes: "Will you be so kind as to answer a few questions for me? 1st. Which is the largest vessel in the world? What waters does it run on, and by what nation owned? What is its length and breadth, and how many tons burden does it carry? 2d. How long does it take to send a dispatch from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other, how long is the cable, and what is it made of, and how? 3d. Where can I get a good spy-glass, what will it cost, and can it be sent by mail? 4th. Where can I get a complete history of the late war in France, and at what cost? 5th. How near the North Pole has anybody been, and how near the South Pole? 6th. From whom can I get a book that tells the kinds of ore, how it is worked, and what it is? 7th. How many feet high is the highest building in the world, what and where is it? 8th. How high is the Capitol at Washington city?" 1st. The Great Eastern. It is 692 feet long, 83 wide, and 60 deep, and is calculated to carry 15,000 tons coal, 5,000 tons freight, and to accommodate 1,000 passengers. It is an English vessel. Its principal employment was in laying the last Atlantic cable. 2d. A dispatch has been sent from Ireland to San Francisco and an answer returned in two minutes, the distance being 16,000 miles. The Atlantic cable is about 2,500 miles long. It has a steel centre, surrounded by gutta percha, this by iron wires, and Manilla yarn on the outside. 3d. From any optical instrument maker. Address such a firm in your nearest city. 4th. Apply to some book dealer for such books as you want, or if you prefer we will procure them for you. We have not seen any complete history of the French and Prussian war. 5th. The distance reached is about 510 miles from the North and 830 from the South Pole. 7th. The Cathedral of Cologne is 500 feet high to the summit of its towers. Probably St. Peter's, at Rome, is the highest so far as the main building is concerned. It is 400 feet from the floor to the summit of the dome. 8th. The Capitol is 300 feet high.

PLUMSTEAD, (Perms.,) asks: "Who is the author of

"'Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold,
Peas porridge in the pot, nine days old.'"

We are obliged to plead ignorance. It sounds like one of the celebrated Mother Goose melodies, but we are not sure whether this celebrated writer is the author or not.

W. W., (Brownsdale, Pa.,) writes: "I come to your correspondents' column, not for the sake of asking questions, but because I want to know. 1st. Where is Fort Geary, a place where meteorological observations are made, and I think it is also a signal station for telegraphing the changes and indications of the weather to other places? 2d. What is the proper method of assisting a lady from a carriage, or over a fence in country rambles? I have witnessed some rather awkward performances in cases of this kind." 1st. Fort Geary, or Garry, which is the correct name, is situated in Manitoba, British Columbia, on the Red River of the North. 2d. We are not aware that there are any fixed rules for such occasions. Certainly any appearance of awkwardness should be avoided, and the lady should be assisted in such a manner as to expose her to no discomfort. No lady wishes to be lifted bodily in cases of this kind. A slight assistance from the gentleman's hands is all that is ordinarily requisite.

[illegible] the law of Pennsylvania divide the property of persons dying intestate between brothers and sisters of the whole and half-blood equally? I have a mortgage on a little house owned by a sister of the whole blood. In case of my death will she inherit the whole of it, or must it be divided between the whole and half-blood equally? Would a few lines drawn up by me, willing it to her, and witnessed by one or two persons, be valid?" She will inherit it, we believe, without a will. According to the laws of Pennsylvania, children of the half-blood have no claim on the estate of a person dying intestate, unless there be no direct issue, no brothers or sisters, and no children of brothers or sisters. A few lines, expressing plainly your intentions as to your property, and signed by you in the presence of two persons, who also affix their names to the instrument as witnesses, will be a legal will—and you had better make it at once.

GEORGIA, writes: "Will you please tell me if you can furnish me with five or ten copies of 'Ten Nights in a Bar-Room,' dramatized? I do not want the book unless I can get it dramatized. Don't you think it would be interesting well acted? Please let me know if you can get them for me, and at what price." It makes an interesting drama, and has frequently been acted. We can procure it for you if you wish, price 15 cents a copy.

C. H. W., (Woodstock, Vt.), writes: "I have been a constant reader of your dear Post for the last five years, and would like to ask a few questions. 1st. Do you think there is any harm in corresponding with young ladies whom I have never seen, and only know their address? 2d. Do the Germans in the West, that drink much lager beer, eat as much as they would were it not for their beer? 3d. I am paying attentions to a very pretty girl at Windsor, Vermont, and I love her very much, but she is growing very cool and distant. Now I want you to tell me what I shall do, for I love her too dearly to give her up. 4th. How do you like my writing?" 1st. Certainly there is harm in it. It would be impertinent in you to address letters to perfect strangers, male or female, with whom you had no business relations, and no excusable object in writing to them. Consider how you would like to have utter strangers address unwarranted letters to female relatives of your own; and also consider if you do not know some ladies, of immature judgment, who might be harmed by such a course. 2d. They probably do not eat as much. Lager beer has nutritive properties, and this takes the place of food, to a certain degree. 3d. Much depends upon the cause of her change of manner. Without knowing this it will not be easy to remove the effect. If you are sufficiently intimate, it might be advisable for you to question her on this point. Sometimes a little friendly explanation removes great difficulties. Very pretty girls are said to be often very fickle. She may be indulging in a flirtation, in which case your best plan might be to take no notice of it, but continue to treat her as usual. Perhaps she wants to get rid of you, as she may find as your acquaintance progresses, that she does not like you so well as at first. In that case, a gentleman withdraws any pointed attentions. 4th. Your handwriting is very susceptible of improvement.

M. W. B., (Bath, Mason Co., Ill.,) in answer to "Lover of Post, Tremont, Pa.," writes as follows: "Either the College of Eureka or of Abington, Illinois, is the place where our friend may finish his education and fit himself for usefulness. If he is truly in love with God's Holy Word, and wishes to proclaim it to a ruined world in its purity and simplicity, may God strengthen and help him to the end."

C. G., (Painesville, N. Y.,) writes: "Will you please tell me what the meaning of Credit Mobilier is, giving me all the information you conveniently can?" The Credit Mobilier is a joint stock company, the original of which was organized in Paris in 1852, the one existing in the United States being a close copy of this original. It was organized for the transaction of a general banking business, and with the professed object of aiding the progress of public works and the development of the national industries, and of consolidating into a common stock the shares and bonds of trading companies. It was authorized to subscribe for and acquire public securities, and the shares and bonds of industrial enterprises, particularly railroads, canals, mines, &c. It has the privilege of issuing bonds to cover the amount of its subscriptions, and after the completion of its 60,000,000 francs of stock, to issue bonds to ten times that amount. M. Berryer, one of its principal opponents, calls it "The greatest gambling house the world has ever seen." Its American counterpart is a Pennsylvania institution, originally devoted to the development of the railroad interests of this State, but which appears to be growing into as extensive a concern as its European predecessor. It has dealt largely in Pacific railroad stock, and undertook the building of considerable sections of that road.

A. H. writes: "1st. A pickerel caught in our lakes on one of the coldest days this winter, was immediately taken from the hook and thrown out upon the ice, the thermometer being 30 degrees below zero, and it remained there all day. In the evening the discussion came up as to whether the pickerel was really dead or not. The fish was as hard and stiff as as much iron, but after a short ceremony of extracting the frost in a tub of cold water, the pickerel began to move and splash and was verily alive. (Geneva Lake Herald.) Do you think that can be possible? 2d. Which is the greatest wool market, Philadelphia, Boston or New York? 3d. To be fashionable, what do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. We should believe it if we saw it. It does not sound very probable. 2d. New York. Its imports of raw wool, in 1869, amounted, in round numbers, to $2,800,000, while those of Boston were $2,000,000, and of Philadelphia, $75,000. 3d. Your handwriting is very ordinary.

INNOCENCE, (Dunkirk Co., Md.,) writes: "I hope you won't think it strange for me to ask you a few questions. 1st. Can you give me a recipe for making the whiskers and moustache grow abundantly? I have seen a recipe somewhere, but having forgotten where have concluded to ask you about it. 2d. Another question which has bothered me is this. If a hen lays an egg and a goose hatches it, which can rightly be called the mother? 3d. Is it a breach of etiquette for a young lady to allow a gentleman to whom she is engaged to kiss her?" 1st. We have never investigated this subject. Constant shaving is said to be a good thing. 2d. If we answer this question what is to become of all the debating societies? It has the credit of being the *piece de resistance* which availe them after all other problems have been settled. We will give our side, but fear all the parties of the other side will rise up in argument against us. If the egg should hatch out a goose, we think the goose would have the best of the question. But in all probability it would hatch out a chicken, and certainly no goose could be mother to a chicken, so the hen appears to have it. 3d. We should not consider it, were we engaged, a breach of etiquette, to kiss our betrothed at proper times and places.

C. R., (Weyauwega, Wis.,) writes: "I have been a reader of your valuable paper for years, and take the liberty of asking you a few questions. 1st. When a gentleman accompanies a young lady home, is it proper to ask him in? 2d. When a gentleman calls, should the lady take his hat? 3d. Is it proper for a young lady to correspond with a young gentleman whom she has never seen or is not acquainted with? 4th. What is the most becoming style for a young lady of fifteen to do up her hair? I know you will say it depends on the young lady, but can't you please give some kind of a reply? 5th. Will you please tell me what is the name of the great Patti, whether it is Carlotta or Adelina? 6th. Can you give me a remedy for the chilblains? I have been troubled with them for several years past, and can find no cure for them. 7th. Is philosophy an essential study for girls? 8th. As everybody else seems to ask this question, I believe I will. What do you think of my handwriting and composition?" 1st. Certainly. If she wishes him to come in, if he is proper company home for her, he is surely proper company in the house. At the same time it is not incumbent upon her to ask him in, particularly if it be a late hour. 2d. Yes, if he seems not to know what to do with it. 3d. No. It is very improper, and may subject her to much future annoyance. Young ladies of fifteen, if they wish to pass life creditably, should do nothing in opposition to the judgment of their elders; and we think it doubtful if any parent, of ordinary common sense, would consent to such a correspondence. 4th. Young ladies of your age have, for the last few years, been wearing the hair loose down the back. But the fashion now appears to be to wear it in a plait, at the back of the head. 5th. Adelina, now the Marchioness de Caux. The reputation of Carlotta is, however, rapidly rising, and she promises to rival her celebrated sister. 6th. The itching is often removed by rubbing with some stimulating application, as camphorated spirits of wine. Washing nightly, first in quite warm water, and then quickly in cold, before going to bed, is said to be efficacious. 7th. Not essential, but useful if they have passed through the lower branches. 8th. Your writing is very good for your age, and bids fair to become an excellent hand. Your composition is perfectly correct.

E. M. M., (Littleton, N. H.,) writes: "Has 'South American Civilization' by Cosmo, ever been published in book form? If so where is it to be found, and at what price? How is nitro-glycerine pronounced?" It has never been published in book form, and only exists in the columns of the Post. Pronounce ni'-tro glis'-er-een.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 49 letters.
My 40, 17, 28, 15, 12, 38, is a mount, a Sabbath day's journey from Jerusalem.
My 31, 24, 20, 33, 3, is one who sought to purchase certain power of the apostles with money.
My 8, 14, 34, 45, 47, 17, 10, 22, 43, was a centurion of the Italian band.
My 35, 1, 21, 26, 23, 31, is a book of the New Testament.
My 44, 37, 29, 17, 17, 19, 43, was an eloquent Jew, born at Alexandria.
My 13, 2, 43, 7, 5, 48, 16, 35, 31, is a silversmith spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles.
My 1, 9, 34, 30, 28, 32, 14, was the person who went with King Agrippa to Cæsarea to salute Festus.
My 6, 20, 11, 28, 42, is a king spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles.
My 39, 48, 44, 18, 14, is something spoken of in the 1st chapter of Ephesians and 2d verse that some of us have not got.
My 44, 25, 27, 31, is a book of the New Testament.
My 46, 7, 1, 29, is one of the principal mountains passed by the Israelites in journeying to Canaan.
My whole is the language of St. Paul to the Corinthians.

Millerstown, O. J. LOUDENBACK.

BURIED FOREIGN CITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. He will start to Dalton as soon as the cars arrive.
2. They crossed the river on a steamboat.
3. Diligent labor excludes many from suffering.
4. Did Douglas go with you to the circus?
5. I met Zachariah on the street.
6. In the largest den I saw a lion.
7. He left Stillwater for Denver City.
8. They will stop at Natchez before going to New Orleans.

Pleasant Hill, N. C. EUGENE.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.
A native of Arabia.
A large, stout cord.
A race of monkeys.
Superlative of good.

II.
Upper part of the body.
The sharp side.
Centuries.
A table with a sloping top.

III.
A kind of grain.
The name of a State.
An uproar.
A character in music.

IV.
To jump.
A nobleman.
An open space.
To interweave.

V.
The dearest place on earth.
A precious stone.
A kind of soil.
A girl's name.

F. S.

ANAGRAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"I ardem fo dantre sovice,
Taht I vabe vreen dreah
Sa luff fo diag hibtle cumis
Se eht snog fo nay brid."

MARAH.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A owed B $500, which was due on January 1st, 1872. A has agreed to pay off this debt, together with its accruing interest at 6 per cent. per annum, by daily equal payments to B from March 1st out during the remainder of the year 1872. The question arises, what sum must A pay daily so as to be clear of this debt and interest with the end of said year? It is evident that A ought to have also interest allowed for each of his daily payments.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA—Ravenswood; or, The Rafts men of the Delaware. METAGRAM—Wind, kind, wand, wild, wing. ANAGRAMS—1. Elyria. 2. Ridgeville. 3. Eaton. 4. Amherst. 5. Grafton. 6. Brighton. 7. Oberlin. DOUBLE ACROSTIC—TurbiD; EbullitioN; LavA; EnoughH; GluT; RafteR; AllegrO; ParisH; HollandS; Telegraph; Shorthand. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—A's speed, 4 miles an hour. B's, 3. PROBLEM—$801.90.

RECEIPTS.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Take about eighteen Savoy biscuit, brush the edges of them with white of egg (care must be taken not to put too much egg upon them, or they will stick to the mould), and line a plain mould with them, arranging them in a star-like shape at the bottom, and in an upright position round the side. Place them closely together, so that the egg connects them firmly. Then put it in the oven for about five minutes, just to dry the egg. Now whisk to a stiff froth three-quarters of a pint of cream with a tablespoonful of pounded sugar, half ounce melted isinglass and any flavoring that may be preferred; a tablespoonful of liquor of any kind or a wineglassful of wine will be sufficient. Fill the mould with it, and cover it with a slice of sponge-cake cut to the shape of the mould. Place it in ice until ready for table. Great care must be observed in turning it out that the cream does not burst the case.

TO MAKE COURT PLASTER. To make court plaster, soak isinglass in a little warm water for twenty-four hours; then evaporate nearly all the water by a gentle heat, dissolve the residue in a little proof spirits of wine, and strain the whole through a piece of open linen. The strained mass should be a stiff jelly when cool. Now extend a piece of silk on a wooden frame and fix it tight with tacks and pack thread. Melt the jelly and apply it to the silk thinly and evenly with a hair brush. A second coating must be applied when the first has dried. When both are dry, cover the whole surface with two or three coatings of balsam of Peru, applied in the same way. Plaster made in this way is very pliable, and never breaks.

ROAST GOOSE is to be prepared in the same manner as the turkey. The dressing should be made of mashed potatoes, seasoned with salt, pepper and sage, or onions, if according to the tastes of the family. Make giblet sauce by boiling the "inwards," until very tender, chopping them fine, and adding them to a gravy made by using the liquor in which they were boiled thickened with flour, and to which has been added one ounce of butter, and pepper and salt to suit the taste.

STUFFED CABBAGE.—Take a nice white head; take the centre of the heart out; fill the place with finely cut cold pork, beef, onions, bread highly seasoned with pepper and salt, put it in a nice clean sack, tie up and boil in clear water till done. G. B.